

THE GRAMMARIAN



1981

THE HALIFAX
GRAMMAR SCHOOL







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The
Halifax Grammar School
presents
The Twenty-First Edition
of
THE GRAMMARIAN
1981

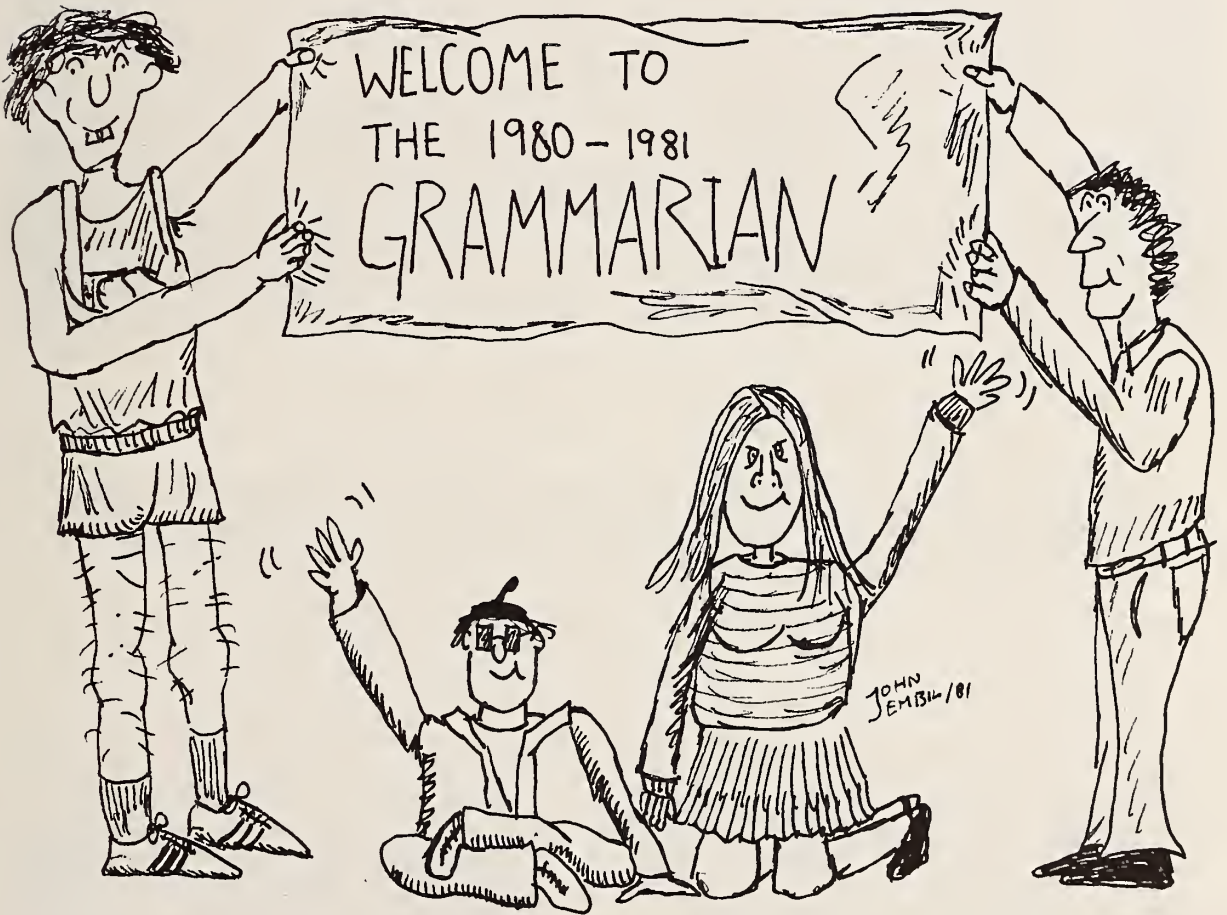
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Foreward

Last year our school witnessed the graduation of our lovable racoon. We were all very sad to see him leave—but not for long! He has come back and joined the girls' Volleyball Team. The girls really appreciate his return.

No offense to Ralph, Lorenzo, Gertrude and Scott who are doing a great job of representing the students of the school. They knew they faced a strenuous task, but they came through in the end. It just goes to show you, you can't judge a book by its cover.



Dedication

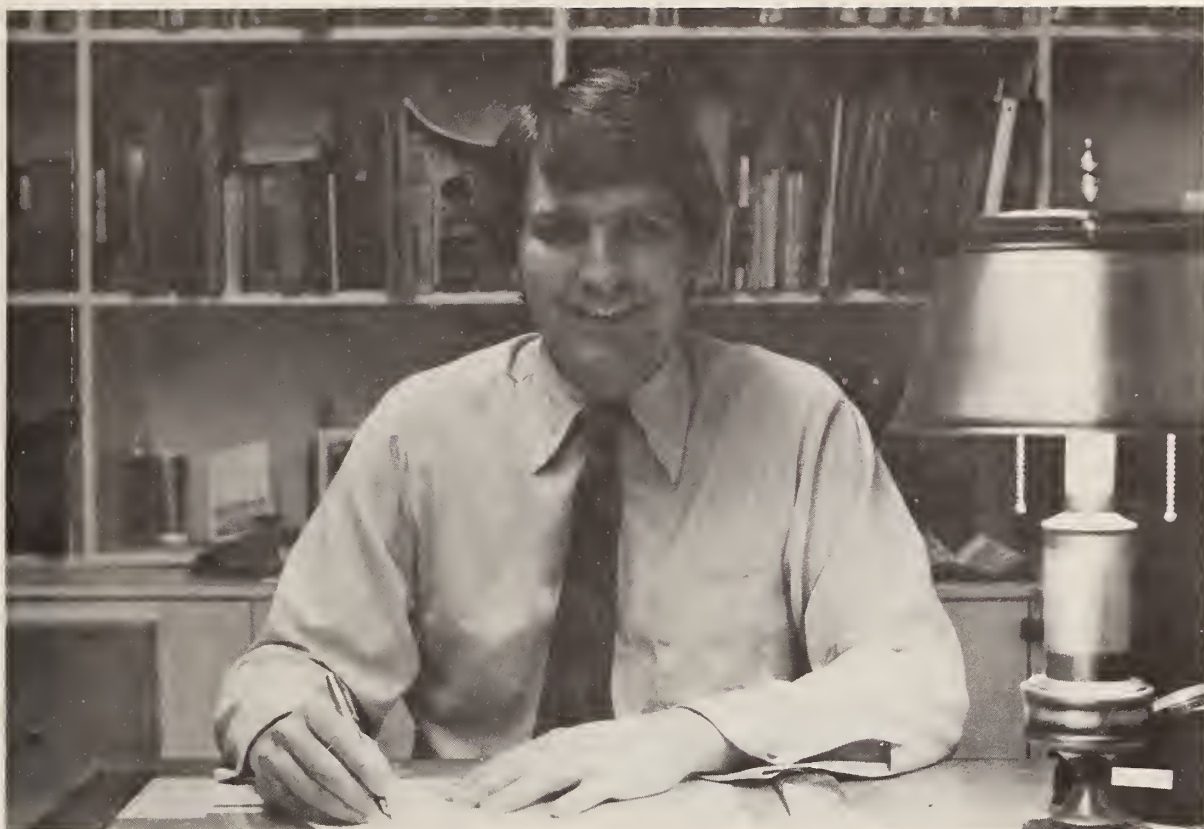
What do borrowing a book from Mrs. Aterman for a history essay, using a microscope, eating a hotdog at Track and Field, listening to a tape in Music class or going on a school trip have in common? If you haven't guessed already, you are uninformed, so read on and become enlightened! Each time you perform one of the above activities you are benefitting from the time and funds of the Parents Activity Committee.

The committee was formed when the school was established and has existed as an active group of parents for the last twenty-four years. It consists of roughly sixteen members: a Chairman, Vice-Chairman, Secretary, Treasurer and two representative parents from each class. Public Relations for the school, teacher-parent liaison and fund-raising for the school's ever-growing needs are simultaneously provided by the group. A parent belonging to the committee might arrange for mothers to hear children read, supply transportation for a day trip, organize refreshments at Open House or sell crafts at Maritime Mall.

Five years ago, a successful annual fund raising project, the *H.G.S.* Flea Market, was initiated by the P.A.C. The profits from this ambitious undertaking constituted a jump in income amounting to thousands of dollars and the committee found itself in a position to support a wide range of student activities and trips. This year, for example, the Prep Five Louisbourg trip, the Prep Six and Upper Five French Exchanges, Debating and Fencing trips all received generous grants from the P.A.C. Equipment for the gym, audio visual and music departments has also been purchased. A craft group was started specifically to raise money for science equipment, and four thousand dollars have been donated so far. Five hundred dollars was given to the Upper School Library to increase the amount of research material in the History Department. The committee also organizes social functions at the school, including Open House refreshments, the graduation reception and the Prep School picnic. Without exception, every student in the school has benefitted from the colossal job done by the P.A.C. and it is time we expressed publicly our gratitude.

The 1980-81 *Grammarian* staff would like to dedicate the yearbook to the Parents Activity Committee, and ask the members of the committee to accept a big appreciative thank you for all the hours of time and energy they have devoted to the school.





Headmaster's Message

The *Halifax Grammar School* has nudged into a new decade, one with new experience, physical growth and new programs. The science wing long anticipated provides those who return to their former school an abrupt surprise while we wonder how they ever did without it. Above all there is a renewed pride in our school, the importance of which cannot be measured in marks or comments. It can however be appreciated as reflected in the efforts of students in their extra curricular work. Students at the *Halifax Grammar School* take much pride in their self-directed labour — the Student Council, French exchanges, raising funds, gym programs and dances amongst a host of others. These are not all accomplished without error, criticism or hardship. Some might argue that it's not worth the risk; or that problems that arise should have been anticipated; or that it's not worth doing it unless you do it well. All bear truth and provide some direction in our decisions. Yet none are absolute as students (as well as adults) must grow through experience and through failure as well as success. This yearbook is a hand-held example of student experience, not so much in its reflections but more so in the labour of its makers. As *The Grammarian* enjoys the strength of staff continuity, I will risk early accolades based on the new standard set by the last issue. I particularly congratulate the yearbook staff for taking the risks, for absorbing a great deal of criticism and for accepting responsibility despite set-backs. You are justly proud of your efforts and the fact that unlike most school yearbooks it is not the mail order production of some large specialist firm thousands of miles away. As each year's effort is an attempt to improve on the last I know we have much to look forward to in the 1981 *Grammarian*.

Peter Montgomery
Headmaster



The Staff

Front Row: Mr. Spencer, Mrs. Lewis, Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Scott, Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Smith.

Middle Row: Dr. Faught, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Smith, Mrs von Maltzahn, Mr. Naud,
Mr. Lankaster.

Back Row: Mrs. Aterman, Mrs. Scobbie, Miss Silver, Mr. Maxwell, Mrs. Degrasse.



Miss Stafford
Secretary



Mr. Dixon
Janitor

The Editor's Message

Over the years the *Grammarian* has been an ingrained part of life at H.G.S., but nevertheless a certain lack of enthusiasm was becoming apparent in some quarters. In the past *Grammarian* photographers have been bombarded with orange peels and rude noises as they entered classrooms to immortalize typical H.G.S. students. The *Grammarian* Literary Contest had become a farce in some categories, especially in Upper I-III. In an effort to broaden student involvement in the yearbook, this year we launched a "P.R." campaign. In Upper I-III we appointed "Literary Representatives" charged with convincing their classmates that they should enter the contest. Numerous posters were hung and unbeknownst to most of you a subliminal advertising programme was launched. The campaign seems to have worked, as evidenced by our expanded Literary Section.

This year the *Grammarian* staff and the printers have worked out a new scheme in an effort to give the staff more control over the actual layout of each page in the book. This necessitates the staff taking over the time-consuming job of doing the "paste-ups". Next year the *Grammarian* staff will probably be expanded to accommodate this extra work.

The Grammarian is the result of hard work and determination on the part of the *Grammarian* staff and many other individuals. Special thanks are due to Peter Dawson, Dr. Brownlow, Mr. Montgomery and Miss Silver.

Kate Lazier
Editor



The Grammarian Staff

- Front Row:** Adam Stern, *photographer*; Rob Barbara, *photographer*; Kate Lazier, *editor*; Peter York, *photographer*; Rebecca Lazier, *literary representative*; Carol Kemp, *assistant literary editor*.
- Back Row:** Ken Nathanson, *photographic editor*; Linda Peers, *business editor*; Laura Cameron, *literary editor*; Derek Honig, *photographer*; Nadine Bishop, *literary representative*; Louise Cameron, *literary representative*; Miss Silver, *staff advisor*.

Graduates



CHRISTOPHER GEORGE CAINES

"I carry the sun in a golden cup, the moon in a silver bag."

— William Butler Yeats

In the middle of an Upper Six gym class you can see a gremlin leap up in the air and you hear the primitive sounds he lets out; you see an artist's hands weaving the wools of a tapestry into a curling, growing tree root; you hear an actor's rich voice, see his fluid movements and you forget he is an actor. You listen to a student calmly point out the flaws in some historian's argument and you are left thinking "I wish I could be"; you hear a poet gravely reciting his work and you are suspended by his intensity; or perhaps you listen to a would-be musician plunking out simple and sad songs on the piano—you are witnessing the phenomenon of Christopher Caines.

Chris dislikes no one; he will kindly reveal to anyone at any time their deficiencies or ineptitudes — but don't be irritated; you know he is right, he always will be. Accept it.

In spite of this sometimes cursed infallibility Chris has no real enemies — only real friends. To be his friend is to partake of that love which "is constant and without deceit, and bound to endure all its intimacy until death". Welcome to solidity—you have found your rock.



PETER FRANCIS DAWSON

"But good gracious, you've got to educate him first. You can't expect a boy to be depraved until he's been to a good school."

— Saki (H.H. Munro)

Peter has only been at the school since Upper One, but some can still remember the days when class conversations were civilized and logical. Peter's ability to unseat anyone with what he calls "venomous wit" has changed all that. This ability has made him the school's star debater, with a fifth prize at McGill last fall. In addition to that, Peter also represents the school on the Reach For The Top team, and sings in the Senior choir. He fills the post of secretary on the Student Council in his inimitable manner, still finding time to indulge in his hobbies, which include females, calligraphy, cross-country skiing and collecting stationary and ties. Next year, Peter plans to attend King's for the Foundation Year Program, where, if he's not lynched, he will probably do well.



JOHN MANUEL A. EMBIL

"The measure of greatness cannot be found in a yardstick."

— Toulouse Lautrec

John is one of the few survivors of twelve gruelling years at the *Halifax Grammar School*, where he has achieved a good academic standing due to his perseverance, willpower and diligence.

His interests are varied; from story writing, where he displays his good sense of humour, to cartoonist (being of great assistance in most of our events); to swimming. Recently he received his lifeguard certificate and with the Instructors course he plans to take, will be a full-fledged lifeguard/instructor who will spend his entire summers soaking up the sun, watching the bathing beauties and occasionally saving distressed swimmers.

Among his interesting jobs in the last two years, John has worked in a Research Lab.; and as a Library Clerk in the children's section of the Halifax City Regional Library, where he is presently working part-time. He is also involved in this year's Student Council, where he is Upper Six Representative.

This Haligonian, with his good nature and Spanish temperament, has enlightened us all, mainly in French class with, "Oh yes, and there is an expression in Spanish which....". He plans to pursue a career in Science. We wish him all the luck he deserves for his hard work and efforts.



GREGORY ELLIOTT HAMMOND

"Brevity is the soul of wit".

— Shakespeare



Greg came to Halifax two years ago from Ottawa, which goes to explain some of his Upper Canadian peculiarities. His unique brand of humour and French (*Faites le spoon s'il vous plate*) have left a permanent impression on those who have experienced it.

One of the school's outstanding athletes, he is a member of the basketball and volleyball teams, as well as playing on the curling and soccer teams. Apart from intramural sports, Greg is active during off-school hours and during the summer holidays. Before arriving in Halifax, he had received numerous awards in tennis, hockey and football.

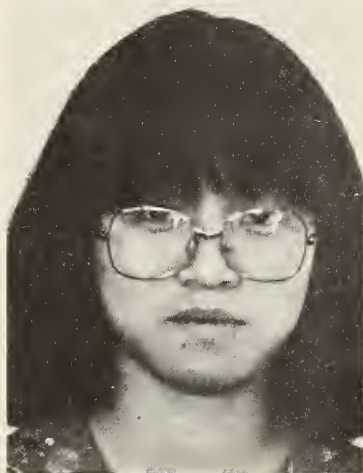
The person who introduced Upper Six to "The Crippler", Greg has added many other pieces of colourful vocabulary to class conversation (which probably should not be repeated here!) His protracted renditions of "Baby, Baby" on the school piano every lunch hour create an unpleasant gastric effect among the audience more often associated with the eating of tainted oysters. Still, as Greg would say, "Rather a second-rate piano performance than a speech from Dawson". For the most part, however, Greg remains one of the more understanding members of the class, always willing to help out in times of trouble.

Greg's great love is biology, and thus he is hoping to pursue a career in medicine at Dalhousie. We all wish him the best of luck.

TIONG JECK HUONG (CORINA)

"I get by with a little help from my friends".

— The Beatles



Corina joined us at the beginning of second term from Malaysia. Being the friendly person she is, she made friends easily and she is a cheerful addition to the class. She has high academic standards, and strives constantly to keep them up. Although at times her English is, well, inventive, we all understand the gist of her conversation. Corina participates in sports, and is an overall terrific girl. If you've ever wondered what your name translates into in Malaysian, you know where to go! Good luck in the future, Corina.

CHARLES HAWKINS MINGO

"Reason is a light that God has kindled in the soul."

— Aristotle - The Art of Rhetoric



Sometimes the less scientific among us almost think that we will not be able to stand upright in the winds of another rhyming off of the two dozen American universities that will gleefully accept Charlie next year, of another verbal knocking flat of the poor rival who has not quite equalled his ionospheric chemistry marks, of another blast on the glories of method and reason. Yet what some occasionally perceive as arrogance is merely a spurious electron in the uppermost orbital of Charlie's character; his nucleus is a generous and thoughtful disposition. Though he cannot abide a fool, his magnanimity to his friends, both maternal and spiritual, overwhelms them. As he is great-bodied, so is he great-hearted too.

Perhaps it is because he distrusts his heart that he has bent his will toward the sciences. In Charlie's analytic mind, passion IS precision; the light of his reason is as direct and accurate as that of a lazer, though not as narrowly focused: already Charlie has a keen understanding of the limits of his chosen field, which enables him to fill it all the more fruitfully. No one comes out of an argument with Charlie — as his opponents in debating have surely discovered — unchallenged, uninformed, unenlightened.

"Science", he says, "is no longer after the big Why?, but rather the great How." Charlie is more than equal to that task.

SAEED KAHNAMELLI

"He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again."

Shakespeare

Being the most senior member of our class (and the hairiest), Saeed has managed to keep his head above water, which is quite an achievement, considering he knew no English when he came to us three years ago, from Iran. Being a lively person, he immediately became involved in sports, last year winning the MVP in soccer, volleyball and best male athlete of the year. Outside of H.G.S. he played on the Scotia Olympic soccer team, plays raquetball, and has a fantastic social life. Although his attendance was lacking at times, we all grew to know and love him, and wish him all the best in his future pursuits, possibly engineering at Saint Mary's.

MARY SUSANNE LANGILLE

"Nothing which we are to perceive in this world equals the power of your intense fragility...."

— e.e.cummings

In her dark, severe, woolly coat, her loose-sleeved arms lengthened by the weight of an old knapsack and a bag, Mary has the air of an immigrant just descended from the boat. Exhausted, desperate to ask for directions, but distrusting the language, the unreal landscape, the people's shut faces, she stands and watches her shoes.

Sometimes Mary seems to have arrived unsuited for earthly life. Indeed, she knows many ways to abstract herself from it: her imagination is always ready to take flight to the regions of Thomas Hardy or the Brontës (all three); to the kingdoms which she rules behind her eyes; to the land of her own writing where every mole, every stalk of wheat, every woman must submit to her tyrannical vision of fate; or to the theatre. It is on the page or on the stage that Mary is most at home on earth. She is always acting, trying on new gowns of words, new masks, though each be as fragile as the last. The effect ranges from ironic humour to anguish, but her aim is, as her friends know, not to deceive, but to transcend. Mary has an active understanding of T.S. Eliot's dictum that poetry is not an expression of personality, not a turning loose of emotion, but an escape from both.

All the different Marys cohere about one thing, a searching soul, whose goal is faith. Wherever she rests on that long migration, she will make in that place a circle scraped in the sand, a fire where the storyteller sits, a stage: and she will be radiant.

ANDREW HENRY ZWICKER McKEE

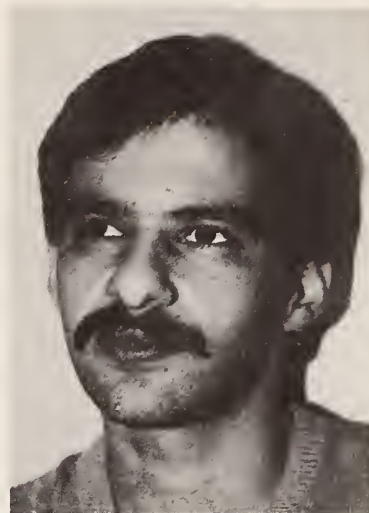
"Give me where to stand, and I will move the earth."

— Archimedes

Andrew has been one of the mainstays of our class for many years. People who know Andrew well know him for his quiet nature, his intelligence, and his ability to remain sane when the work starts to pile up. He is also known, to a minor extent, for the less-than-cerebral gatherings which he sometimes finds himself hosting.

These past years, Andrew has participated actively in student and extra-curricular affairs. Last year he demonstrated his financial competence as the business manager of *The Grammarian* and this year he was elected to the post of treasurer of the Student Council. Sports also take up their share of Andrew's time. He is an experienced sailor who has had a hand in winning several races, and he is also the captain of the H.G.S. curling team.

Next year Andrew plans to pursue a degree in either engineering or commerce at a university outside the province, and then, perhaps, to go into law. Whichever path he chooses, we are sure he will meet with success.





SABINE SUZANN MITTERMAYER

"The sun pours down like honey/ on our lady of the harbour/ as she shows you where to look/ among the garbage and the flowers...."

— Leonard Cohen

Sabine is enigmatic to many in our class, who know her only as a soft-speaking girl who has a hundred ways of putting up her hair, chooses unconventional clothes, and drives her own shiny red Rabbit. To those who know her a little better her soft voice conceals a dancing spirit, quick to take joy in her youth and her freedom, and in all of the flavours of living; and her unique tastes reveal an independence won of necessity.

The joy and the work of her life comes from the reconciliation of opposites: personal freedom with responsibility to family; the romantic with the pragmatic; the girl with the woman in her. She is capable and self-reliant — she simply appeared at H.G.S. one day this past summer ("can I come to this school?") — and can handle a car, her own apartment, a hacksaw or a hammer with equal ease. She is also romantic, fond of Leonard Cohen's verse and Willi Michel's "Bavarian Blues."

She is contemporary and cosmopolitan, and she and her English have profited much from her year at H.G.S. Whatever she does next year, and in the years thereafter, she will find the good in it, always learning to change, and changing to learn.



JONATHAN C.K. NGAN

"You know I've always been a dreamer (spent my life running round), and it's hard to change (can't seem to settle down), but the dreams I've seen lately keep on burning out and turning out the same."

— The Eagles

Although this is Jonathan's first year at H.G.S., his mild-mannered approach has gained him respect among his fellow students.

His main interest is in music, especially guitar, piano and flute. However, he cannot accept New Wave and Punk music. He is a valuable member of the soccer team and a good volleyball player. Since he came from Hong Kong, he has to understand our customs, habits and of course, our schoolwork. It was a challenge for him, but he faced it with confidence and enthusiasm.

His perpetual smile and good-natured sense of humour will surely be missed next year. If whatever Jonathan plans to do in life is done with the zeal and eagerness he has shown us, he is certain of success.



THEODORE STEVENS NORVELL

"Work is a curse and labour a misfortune".

— Kahil Gibran

Theodore (better known as Theo) is one of the few veterans of the school, having been here for twelve long years. With his musical ability and brilliant songs, he has made the class both laugh and applaud his performances.

He was a member of this year's Reach For The Top team: in one match, Theo scored more points than the entire opposing team. He is also an avid fencer, doing well in most of the tournaments he entered. On passing by the Upper Six homeroom, one can often hear Theo deeply engaged in intellectual conversations and arguments of all sorts. He is active in many sports, and can be seen sailing in the harbour and the Northwest Arm during the summer months.

Theo plans a career in the sciences, hoping to study at Dalhousie next year. We wish him the best of luck in his studies.

LLOYD BRUCE OPPEL

"There is no great genius without some touch of madness."

— Seneca

Lloyd has only graced us with his presence since Upper Four, but his razor-sharp and barbed wit have made it seem much longer. This natural ability has been of great use in the Debating Society, as well as in the normal cut-throat world of class life. His interests also include drama and music, the piano being the instrument at which he excels. Despite all this, and a very high academic standing, he also finds time to be on the school basketball team. With his great interest in the sciences, Lloyd hopes to study bio-chemistry at U.B.C., and eventually take a degree in medicine. With sympathy for his future patients, we wish him well.



VICTORIA LOUISA PALMER

"Yes, I'm free, now I'm on my way."

— Earth, Wind and Fire

Vicky, being the longest-surviving member of Upper Six's female population, has managed well over the years despite her troubles with certain subjects (algebra in particular). She excels in all sports, having been a member of the volleyball team since grade nine, and having shared the position of captain for the last two years. She also has interests in music and art. She received her grade ten level in piano from the Royal Conservatory of Music and has been teaching since then. She will study these subjects at Dalhousie University, even though Union College, Kentucky, is begging her to take their Physical Education course next year. Vicky has done well in the subjects she studies, having a unique talent for saying the right thing at the right time. She will adapt well to a university environment, both socially and academically. We wish her a happy, long-awaited escape from H.G.S.!



PHILIP PUGSLEY REES

"If a frog had wings, it wouldn't spend all its time hopping around on the ground."

— Anon.

To hear Philip talk, one might imagine that his only passion is sailing. Although most of his other passions would take second place to Finn sailing, a love of cross-country skiing and a "healthy interest" in the opposite sex cannot be forgotten. Phil's outstanding volleyball skills contribute much to the school team, and his good sense of humour does much to keep up class spirit and keep classroom conversation at its usual high level.

At the moment, Phil plans to go to Dalhousie to study biology, where his usual affability and general intelligence will undoubtedly ensure the same success he has enjoyed here, provided he steers clear of the rocks.





RANALD IAIN SINCLAIR

"As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing; a man, that fortune's buffets and rewards has ta'en with equal thanks...."

- Shakespeare

The strength of Ranald's character flows from its stability. Without being placid or passive he maintains an autumnal calm, a self-possession and natural graciousness that make him a reliable student and peerless companion, an Horatio steadying the neurotic Hamlets among his friends. It is these qualities which have made him invaluable to the fencing team, to *The Grammarian's* photographic staff, and as Glooscap's assistant house-captain; and it is surely these qualities which won him the presidency of this year's Student Council.

Ranald is an exceptionally capable person, able to deal with any situation, even a man whose van has broken down on the way to the hospital where his wife is about to have a baby. Ranald really did meet a man in such distress during last year's French Exchange, and immediately drove him, though his car was full of bicycles, to the hospital in time for the birth.

His close friends also know Ranald as a man fond of small comforts: the tranquil tub; the electric blanket; sleeping in after a long night's studying, usually sustained by drinking two litres of Coke, since the bitterness of coffee is not to Ranald's taste.

Ranald is undecided about what to do next year, but one thing is sure: he is of the stuff which makes the best of citizens and the best of friends.



HEATHER ANN WILSON

"Take a sad song, and make it better".

— "Hey Jude" by Lennon/McCartney

Using her unique ability to come up with the worst jokes at the best moments, Heather's eternal sense of humour and imagination brightened many a dismal day this year. At the same time, her persistence, tendency towards perfection, and overall intelligence in all subjects placed her in a good academic position, although she has been here for only three years. Yet another asset is her never-ending athletic abilities, which included being two year house-head of Acadia, two year co-captain of the volleyball team, 1980 female athlete of the year, MVP volleyball player, and a general good sport. Heather wishes to pursue an animal-oriented career such as veterinary work, but is unsure which university is best suited to her lifestyle. *H.G.S.* will miss her smile, her friendliness to anyone and anything, her imaginative artistic abilities, and her wonderful colour co-ordination. Heather, may you always remain humble, and see the world through rose-coloured glasses!



HILARY KATHRYN WRITER

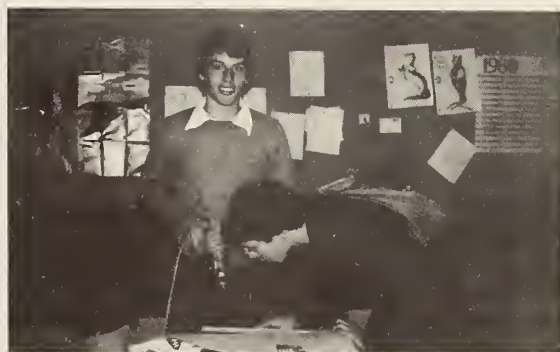
"Some are great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em."

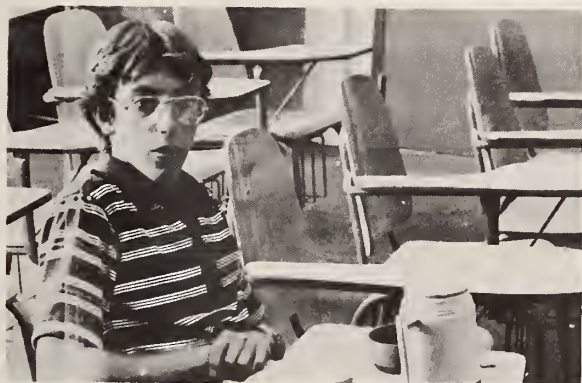
- Shakespeare

Hilary was one of the four brave newcomers this year, and within hours of her first day she fitted in perfectly by showing that she could be just as eccentric as the rest of us. We were amazed (and so were the teachers) by her ability to retain anything learnt over the past years, after a summer holiday, and she proceeded to maintain this high level of excellence (as seen in her depressingly high average) throughout the school year. Her popularity can be attributed to her "gung—ho" attitude to everything, and the fact that she will laugh at anything. Hilary was a great supporter of our school teams, adding her little cheers whenever possible.

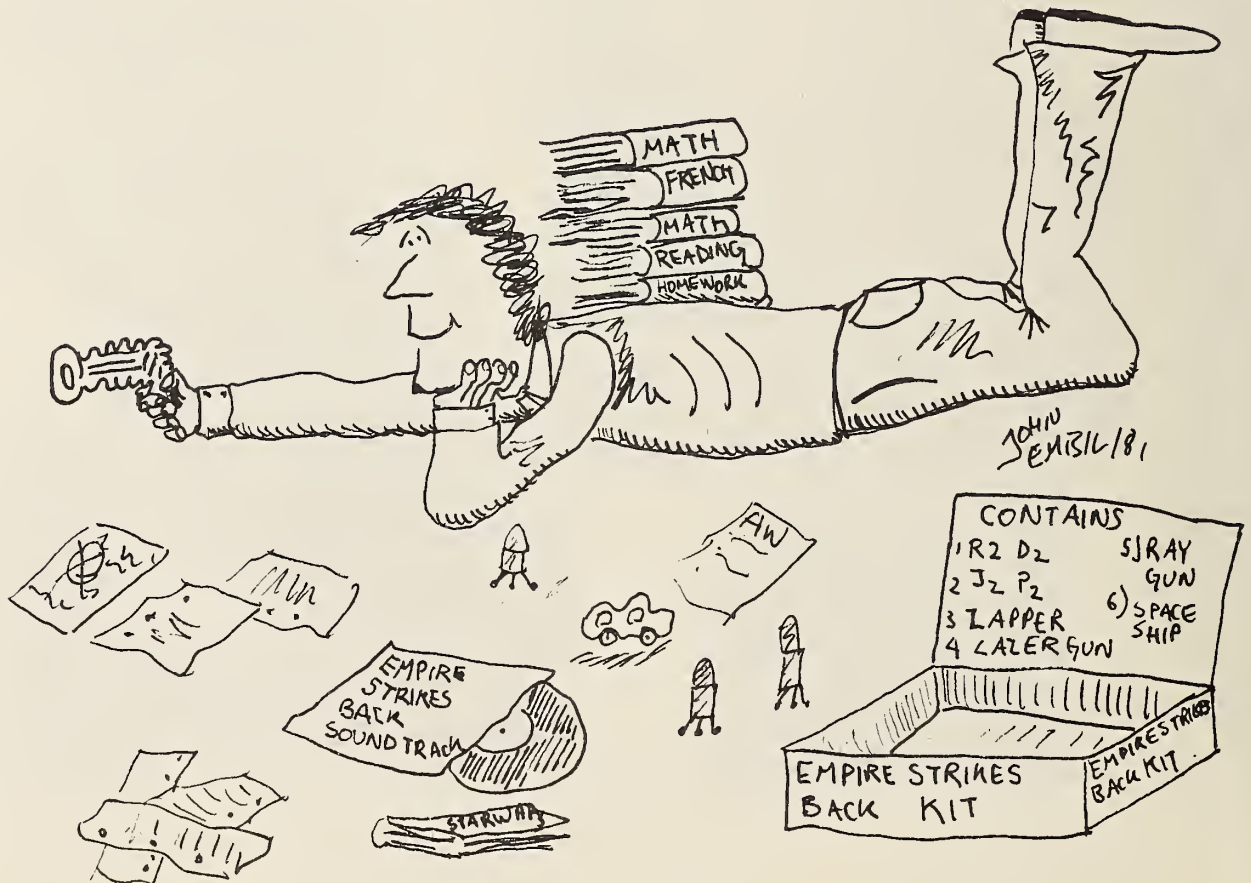
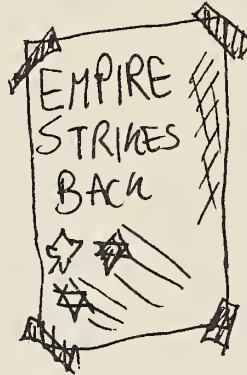
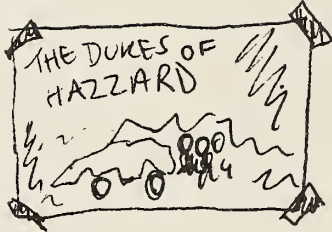
Outside of *H.G.S.*, she plays violin in an orchestra, and piano as a sideline, joins the mob on the mountain skiing, and one can find her attending nearly all the worthwhile cultural events. Her university pursuits will be in the field of science, probably biology, and we all wish our British friend the best of luck.

<i>Favourite Sayings</i>	<i>Pet Peeve</i>	<i>Where found most</i>	<i>Would Be</i>	<i>Will Be</i>
Heather				
Vicky	Oh my God!	Art room, in a mess	Vet	messy
Hilary	This is ridiculous	In the gym	Confused psychologist	algebra teacher
Sabine	Eh? Wha?	At a bus stop	Surgeon	foreign minister to Iran
Mary	Hello...	In her rabbit	Architect	Ballet dancer
Corina	Kill! Murder! etc.	With Charlie	Actress	Hairdresser
Andrew	Oh my goodness	Room 200	Computer Scientist	Historian
Peter	I don't know	At the bank	In tune with the universe	Indecisive
Lloyd	Give 'em the crippler!	With Kenny	Tasteful	Interior decorator
Charlie	You a..hole!	In his briefcase	Doctor	B.C. lumberjack
Chris	I beat you!	At the library	Caltech Scientist	S.M.U. dropout
John	But that's impossible	Arguing	Awake	Chemistry teacher
Jonathan	Well, yes and no...	Studying	Scientist	cartoonist
Theo	Really?	Listening to Neil Young	Pilot	Elton John groupie
Greg	I disagree	In a galaxy far, far away	Scholar	Professional student
Phil	any four-letter word	In trouble	Neuro-surgeon	Concert pianist
Ranald	!\$*&\$*etc.	Sailing	Something	cynical
Saeed	I don't understand	On the phone	Journalist	overthrown
	You crazy!	everywhere but <i>H.G.S.</i>	Engineer	truant officer





Prep School





Primary

Front Row: Mr. Serebrin, Joy Laing, Gillian Byrne, David McFarlane, Harold Roscoe.

Middle Row: Sarah Risley, Samir Awad, Meghan Dorward, Aaron Dickson.

Back Row: Trudi Miller, Lisa Griffiths, Sarah Stewart, Douglas Penick, Paul MacDonald, Matthew Thompson.





Prep 1

Back Row: Tom Sheridan, Margie May, Janet MacIntyre, Anne Roberts, Tracy Holness.

Middle Row: Chris Lannon, Adrian Cameron, Corey Matthews, Emma Haggart, Gray Miles.

Front Row: Janine Vanderwel, Jason Jacobson, Ian Hamilton, Heather Rapson, Kathleen Murphy, Ben Pearre, Jenny Silverman.

If I were the teacher I would...

Kathleen — make them work hard.

Corey — let the good ones have extra free time and I would make the bad ones stay in.

Tom — make them work and work.

Heather — take them to Boston and show them the museum.

Ann — keep books. They would work and work and work.

Janet — let them do math and take them to the United States.

Karen — make them do three papers and ten pages in their workbooks.

Gray — let them have lots of free time. If they were bad I would make them have a detention.

Margie — make them do work every day.

Adrian — make them do science and essays.

Troy — make them do eight papers and their workbooks for one minute.

Janine — take them to Holland and I would take them on a train.

Ben — make them do eight pages and five papers. If they were bad they would stay in for one day.

Chris — make them work and work. The ones who if they are bad I would make them stay in for one day.

Jason — help people.



Prep II

Front Row: John Shorter, Daniel Byrne, Adrian Osmond, Davis Webb, Paul McIntyre, Peter Lee, Andy Kim, Yumi Chang.
Middle Row: Emily Andrews, Marko Hansen, Bobby Rakshit, Nate Dorward, Jason Giddons, Athanasios Kartsaklis.
Back Row: Mr. S. Lewis, Paul Baskett, Paul Simms, David Keefe, Sean Kirby, Andrew Sacamano, Zareen Ahmad.

The best thing about being in Prep Two was...

Zareen — seeing if Miss Silver is buggable.
Nate — art with Miss Silver.
Paul S. — trading through the hole in the fence.
Bobby — math.
Davis — chubby kids who kiss.
Paul M. — math.
Jason — my best friend.
Sean — playing dungeons and dragons.
Paul B. — FENCING!!
Yumi — the yum-yum store where Paul M. gave somebody the wrong change.
Danny — soccer-baseball.
Andy — when Nate went out in his socked feet.
John — washing the tables.
Athanasios — the Merrytime Clown Show.
Peter — when it's March break.
Emily — having stuffed animal day.
Andrew — Mrs. Lewis, the teacher.



Prep Three

Front Row: Kelly Murphy, Dylan McDonald, Asim Wali, Daniel Thompson,
Mark McCallum, Andrew Fraser, Jean Grindley, Toni Fried, Melanie Scharf.
Middle Row: Miss Scibior, Sarah Newman, Susie Abbott, Emily Doolittle, Brian Audain,
Arthur Davis, Michael Cowie, Kelcey Parker, George Bulmer.
Back Row: Malve Petersmann, Nora Bednarski, Traci Boswell, Chris Lankester,
George Nikolaou, Riza Hosein, Tami Meretsky, Michael Majaess.

What this class needs is...

Michael — peace and quiet and lots of work.
Mark — 100,000 more boys and more play time.
Nora — less boys and more girls!
Jean — some quiet and boys who don't step on the tables.
George — I wish Kelly would not call Asim Oubypoooh any more and Brian Brinypoooh.
Asim — no Kelly or Melanie or Sarah or Traci or any girls to bug me.
Kelly — more people like melanie.
Melanie — more math games, more desks, a bigger library.
Emily — no work and more fun things.
Michael C. — more reading time.
Sarah - some new games in the classroom.
Traci — less big tables and more private little desks.
Chris — peace and quiet.
Andrew — a Mind Alive encyclopedia of Basic Science.
Dylan — less noise-makers.
George B. — some candy.
Kelcey — to be quiet when the teacher is out...
Brian — a pizza parlour.



Prep Four

Front Row: Elaine Lee, Alison May, Allison Fairhurst, Jo-Jo Murphy, Jessica Pereira, McCulloch, Sean Johnson, Chris Saunderson, Nicholas Imrie.

Middle Row: Mrs. Smith, Jason Holt, Vanessa Urquhart, Katie Laycock, Anna Fraser, Michael Risley, Chris Jeans, Jonathan Cook.

Back Row: Gillian Mann, Jocelyn Gillis, Jennifer Smith, Andy Chamard, Lukas Pearse, Billy Said, Adam Cockfield, Anil Bhardwaj.

The Grammar School in the year 2000:

Vanessa - The school had been closed down because it was so old.

Lukas — The school will probably not be here and neither would anything else because it would have been destroyed by a nuclear missile.

Michael — This school would be a disaster. World War III will be going on.

Jojo — The school will have closed down. The pretty little pear tree in the front — of the school would have died.

Katie — Almost everything will add up to 1000. Everything will be harder.

Jason - The Prep Four class will have to know third year university at age ten.

Mishko — The school would be utterly useless because in the night the children would sleep with helmets on that would pump information into their brains while they slept.

Anna — I think this school will be very advanced.

Jennifer — With math we will take a green M pill, with gym a blue Z pill, three with recess a P yellow pill and a tall flask of water!

Nicholas — The school might be under water or up in space or maybe up in another galaxy.

Sean — The school would be moved to the moon and it would be deformed because of the radiation from World War Three.

Chris — I think the school would be computerized and modern.

Billy — The school would be much cleaner and the chairs would be more comfortable.

Adam — I think the school will be a kind of dome with robots and that education will be much better.

Jonathan - Our school might be underground.

Andrea — The school will be very old and probably ready to fall down.

Gillian — The school will be floating in space.

Allison - The classrooms will be different and they will look nicer.

Elaine — Our school would be an old-fashioned school.

Anil — The school would be underwater and we would grow tails like mermaids and mermen.

Alison — The school would be even better than it is now.

Jessica — Schools would mean having your own desks, lots of projects and very nice teachers like my Mrs. Smith.

Andy — The school will be very complex: it will have air conditioning and a burglar alarm.

Chris S. — The school would be destroyed and a space centre would be built.



Prep Five

Front Row: Jeff Halliday, Daniel Rees, Cathy Novac, Christy Nicholson, Victor Bigio,
Miles Sheridan, Troy Dolomont, Robin Shore, Laura Robinson.

Middle Row: Mr. Spencer, Paul Burnell, Jonathan Dolin, Michel Stephens, Edmond Rees,
Ian McEneaney, Eric Block, Richard Billard, Tim Andrews.

Back Row: Michelle Horacek, Tania Robinson, Mathew Oland, Mathew O'Halloran,
Kersti Tacreiter, Munju Ravindra, Sarah Jollimore.

When I get to Prep Six, I am going to...

Victor — behave myself.

Tim — work hard.

Jon — not get an "S" in math.

Paul — work hard.

Christy — try not to talk and work my best.

Sarah — do my best at work.

Munju — still be top banana in class.

Richard — try my hardest to GRADE!!

Matthew Oland — continue improving until I am perfect.

Ian — do my best work.

Lara — probably be in another school.

Matthew O'Hallaron — try my hardest.

Eric — continue to drive the teachers mad!

Troy — do my best in all subjects.

Evan — behave myself.

Jeff — do my best to pass grade six!

Kersti — try to be early every morning.

Michael — try my hardest to improve my grades.

Robin Shore — work without being "encouraged"!

Miles — try my hardest.

Daniel — charm people to death.

Cathy — do my best in spelling.

Edmund — do my best.

Michelle — do my best to pass grade six!

Tania — try to get good grades.

Peter — be quiet.



Prep Six

Front Row: Beth Medjuck, Cindy Pink, Susan Halebsky, Sherene Hosein, Erica Periera, John Cameron, Gavin Murphy.

Middle Row: Mr. Lankester, Stephanie White, Lorraine Belitsky, Shawn Sable, Brian Awad, Esmund Choo, D'arcy Byrne, David Robertson.

Back Row: Frank Clark, Kenny Schwartz, Patrick Oland, Asad Wali, Peter Patterson, Jonathan Meretsky, Roger Porter.

When I get to the Upper School I'm going to....

Asad — STAY home.

Frank — pick on the Prep School.

Patrick — not get cherry-bellied by Mr. Naud.

Darcy — get lost!

Edmund — study hard and not get cherry-bellied.

Shawn — purposely lose all my books the first day.

Peter — not get attacked by Mr. Naud.

Ken — fail a grade.

Jonathan — have the best lunch periods ever.

R. Porter — do the least work possible without getting a detention.

Lorraine — go out to lunch.

David — stay out of the way of the older ANIMALS!

Stephanie — go out to lunch.

Cindy — say goodbye to the Prep School.

Gavin — go off the school grounds at lunch.

Erica — take phone calls at the office.

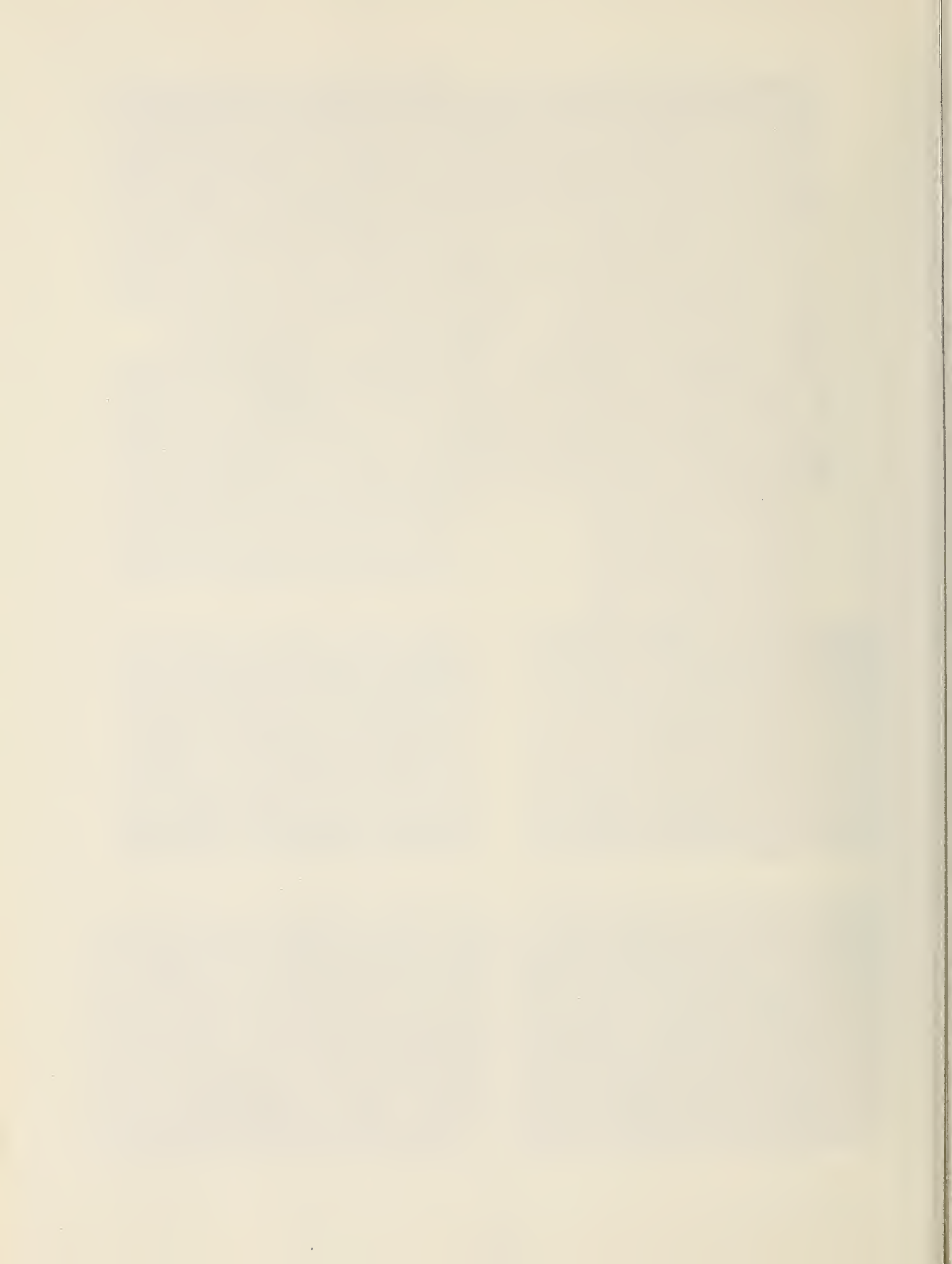
Elizabeth — try to work hard.

John — go crazy with all the homework.

Susan — work harder.







Upper School







Upper Two

Front Row: Allyson Simmie, Laurel Weldon, Rebecca O'Brien, Patrick Keefe, Erik Davis, Andrew Oland, Anthony Novac, Gregory Dickey, Rob Barbara.

Middle Row: Mrs. Scobbie, Tanja Swart, Brigid Roscoe, Louise Cameron, Kim Aerts, Derel Honig, Jem Clark, Paul McNeil.

Back Row: Richard Lancaster, Katherine Bishop, Arlene Conter, Jane Abbott, Faith Wallace, Graham Hooper.

We, the students of Upper Two, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave:

Jane — a chain of Fairweather stores.

Rob — a male chauvinist pig.

Louise — a financial advisor.

Jem — a typewriter.

Greg — his own photocopier.

Erik — an appointment at the hair dresser.

Paul — a double decker lunch box.

Arlene — a megaphone.

Kathy — a curling iron.

Brigid — dazzled.

Anthony — directions to Sesame Street

Patrick — his own candy store.

Scott — nothing.

Faith and Laurel — matching wardrobes.

Tanja — a year's supply of lip gloss.

Graham — elevator shoes.

Richard — more hair.

Kim — a dungeon and a dragon.

Derek — confused.

Andrew — a halo.

Rebecca — the luck of the Irish.

Adam — a grand piano.

Allyson — 56 ways to do your hair.

Warrick — a makeover.

Mrs. Scobbie — a deluxe model ten speed bike.





Upper Three

Front Row: Robert Stairs, Wayne Aspinall, John Lannon, Paul Carver, Ben O'Halloran, Lon Holland, Bimbi Smith, Nancy Rees, Nicole Lazaar.

Middle Row: Mrs. Andrews, Douglas Regan, Kamran Ahmad, Andrew Turner, Sabina Ahmad, Jane Fairhurst, Sarah Caines, Elaine Murphy.

Back Row: Patrick Roscoe, Michael Pink, Jonas Stefan, Mark Burnell, Katherine Lankester, Nadine Bishop, Jan Crick, Andrew Allen.

We, the students of Upper Three, being of sound mind and body, hereby leave

Kamran — a legion of greebles

Sabeena — a years supply of homework to collect

Andrew A. — a hair stylist

Wayne — a book of 101 reasons for not doing homework

Kirsten — multiple choice physics tests

Nadine — eau de toilette

Mark — a hickey remover

Sarah — something flexy

Paul — a box full of scuzz

Jan — an inconspicuous laugh for Dr. B.

Jane — a years supply of gym stuff

Lon — a guide on how not to slouch

John — a presence in class

Nicole — a t-shirt reading "Kiss me, I'm brilliant"

Catherine — a passing mark in German

Elaine — a pair of Peacock earrings

Ben — Aabiaa (?)

Mike — an automated arm raiser

Nancy — a Dr. B. proof ruler

Douglas — the book "101 ways to fry a teacher"

Patrick — Otis and the Knightheads' Greatest Hits (Volume 2)

Belinda — SOUNDLESS clogs

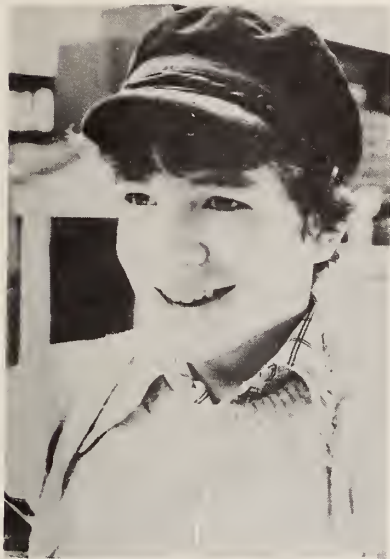
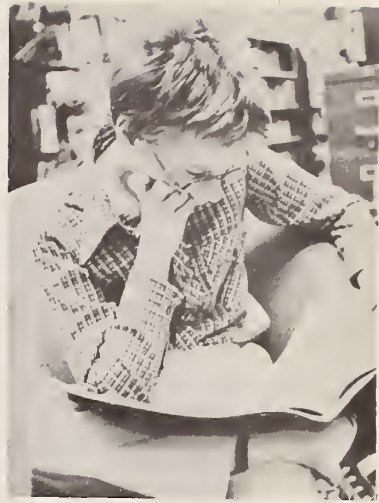
Robert — The Imperial War Museum

Jonas — a sign saying "I'm sorry"

Andrew T. — a joint, "BOB MARLEY" style

Peter — bullet proof glasses

Mrs. Andrews — peace and quiet





Upper Four

Front Row: Chris Lee, Bruce Kirby, Steven Murphy, Pat O'Brien, Addesh Mago, John You, Paul Kundzins, Dora Kemp.

Middle Row: Judith Abbott, Chris Mills, Tim Writer, Ewen Wallace, David Crick, Heather Arthur, Elizabeth Baxter, Jim Badcock.

Back Row: Tim Klassen, David Cronhelm, Chris Robinson, Peter Nicholson, Stacie Geraghty, Carol Kemp, Jane Zayid.

The class of Upper Four would not be the same without:

Judith's love of hockey cards and magazines
Heather's excellent representation of Frigidaire
Elizabeth's far out facts
David Crick's inseparable friendship with Kerr and the boys
David Cronhelm's lengthy tongue
Stacie's tight baggies
Carol's tight whites and her dancing technique
Dora's overly forceful voice
Bruce's mathematical mind
Tim Klassen's Sci-Fi books
Paul's helping hand towards homework
Chris Lee's Dear Abby Column
Addesh's mythical perfection of the sports
Chris Mills' grade seven idol making attitude
Steve's fantastic bench warming
Peter's perverted laugh (Hee, Hee, Hee)
Pat's dirty double crossing behaviour
Chris Robinson's wandering eyes
Ewen's robbery of the cradle
Tim Writer's reliable homework
John's thrilling outlook on geometry
Jane's innocent but nosy behaviour
 and, last, but not least,
Mr. Mike Scott and his sit down bell!!





Upper Five

Front Row: Tim Brandys, Kate Lazier, Melanie Jackson, Laura Cameron, William Brandon, Danny Hoffman, Vicky Allen, Coleen Kirby.

Middle Row: Mr. Naud, Paul Russell, John Guy, Pat Connors, Iain MacLeod, Andrew Badley, Linda Peers, Peter Grover.

Back Row: Moritz Gaede, Robbie Sinclair, Torquil Duncan, Ken Nathanson.

The class of Upper Five would not be the same without:

Vicky's exclamations "OGROSS!! That's disgusting!"

Andrew's inevitable question "What history essay?" and his genuine, honest-to-goodness I.G.A. lighter

William's kinky eyebrows

Tim's mystical valentine (Is he *really* the King of Swoon?)

Laura's exotic eyeshadows

Pat (and...) their uncanny resemblance to John and Yoko

Torquil's losing (?) battle to change the world with his "Smile, People!"

Moritz — our own superstar of the Grafton Street Cafe

Peter's continuous collection of fifty cents from the girls (!) AND the guys

John — the ultimate "pain in the ..."

Danny's smiling reply to the question, "Hey Danny, wanna banana?"

Melanie's really neat inside-out overalls

Coleen's lack of something to say

Kate's constant reference to every male as "Typical, that bastard!"

Iain — our Rubber-Band-Man (with regard to his legs)

Ian's very strange accumulation of lunches

Kenny's even stranger disappearing lunches

Linda's infamous bowling tickets

Paul's "and my brother..."

Robbie's "basketball" moves with Pat

Mr. Naud's forever increasing vocabulary



Literature



Primary to Prep Three

THE FOREST AT NIGHT

*The forest is dark,
As dark as night.
An owl flies,
Quietly he spies,
Hunting, haunting,
The silent forest.
Mice scamper,
Getting damper.
It's raining!
The birds shiver
By a river.
A wolf stirs,
In his furs.
The sun rises.
"It's morning now",
A dog calls out
With a loud bow wow!*

*Emily Doolittle
Prep Three
First Prize*

LIVING ON A FARM

*Living on a farm
We always have fresh milk.
Cause we have a goat.
His coat is smooth as silk.

Hurry, don't be late.
We're going to visit Kate.
So grab your coat and leave the goat.
We're going to visit Kate.*

*Melanie Scharf
Prep Three
Honourable Mention*

THE CHIPMUNK

*He climbs up
The trees, with his
Little front feet
He stores his nuts
In his home.
He runs from the
Owl and snake
And is alone.*

*Gray Miles
Prep One
Honourable Mention*

THE STAR THAT EVERYONE WISHED UPON

Once upon a time a little boy was going to bed. His grandfather came up to kiss him good night. The little boy said, "Can you please tell me a story before I go to sleep?" "Well." "Please!" "Alright!"

Once upon a time there was a star. Everybody wished upon him. One day he found out that he was losing his brightness. So he decided to ask the moon if he could give him some of his brightness. "Moon?" "Yes little star." "Can I borrow some of your brightness?" "I don't have any." "You don't?" "The sun reflects on me to give me light. Go ask Sun."

So he did. "Can I borrow some of your light?" "Of course not, for it would burn you to ashes." "It would?" "Uh-huh! Go ask King Star if he could call a meeting for suggestions." "Alright!"

"King?" "Yes." "Can you call a meeting because I want suggestions on how to get my brightness back." "Yes I will call a meeting right away, 165-6265." Bip, bip. "Hello, hello. This is King speaking. Call all the stars in the world to come to my palace now for a meeting." Clink, clank.

When everybody got there, right away there was suggestions. Then one of the three smartest stars spoke up. "Why don't (everybody was silent) you wish upon the earthlings." "The meeting is over," yelled little star. He wished upon people and soon got all his brightness back. He thanked the star and never had any trouble like that again.

*Tracy Boswell
Prep Three
Second Prize*

MY STORY

There was a little rabbit whose name was Poo Poo. He lived in a little hole. Every body laughed at him because he had one carrot. He was very poor. He ignored all the people who laughed at him, and went to school, so he could learn how to read and write. He wanted to get a job so he could make some money. Then he would not be laughed at any more.

*Sarah Risley
Primary*

I was going to the zoo, on the way I met a tiger from the zoo and I said "who are you?" "My name is Sam". Soon we played together.

*Samir Awad
Primary*

WHAT HAPPENED HALLOWE'EN WEEK

On Sunday nothing happened except church was half an hour instead of an hour. Anyway I hated church, I had other things to do.

On Monday I went to a hallowe'en party at the graveyard from 7:00 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. From 7:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m. we played games. Then we told ghost stories. Mine was the last and it started at 9:15 p.m. It was so scary everyone ran away. Then I was left alone with the spooks, and they had come true! What could I do? Boy was I scared. But then I found that I could scare them easily, so I ran home. The spooks kept whispering at me. Oh well I thought there was nothing to worry about.

"Hi Mom". "Hi Andrew". It was late so I went to bed. In the morning I woke up at ten thirty with the measles. "Andrew, wake up. It's time for the party". It was all a dream. I told my mother all about my dream and went to the real party.

On Tuesday I went to the fair. I had a lot of fun there. We stayed a long time. It was very late when we finished at the fair so we decided to go to a hotel for the night.

On Wednesday I had my birthday. I brought cupcakes to school. Some of my friends who could not come to my party gave me presents then. Then at the end of the day it got extraordinarily dark and then our lights went out so we got some candles and then the birthday guests came. All of my friends were there except my best friend Roger. We played some hallowe'en games, then the phone rang. I answered it. It was Roger's mother. She said that he could not come for half an hour. I wondered why he could not come. We kept on playing games, then Roger came. He had been at the dentist having a cavity filled. Then it was time for the costume contest. Roger won it with his sailor costume so he got a prize of staying over night with me, because tomorrow was a holiday as the school had to be set up for the hallowe'en party. Then the night came. All my guests left. Roger and I had supper. We played a while and went to bed.

On Thursday I had breakfast with Roger and then he left. I decided to make a snake shot in a special way. I took a peanut jar and a spring. I glued the spring to the bottom of the jar. I took a rubber snake and put it on the spring and put the top on. I opened the can and the snake jumped out. Good idea I thought. I went downstairs and asked my mum if she wanted some peanuts. She said she did. She opened the can. The snake jumped out. My mother jumped. She was surprised! She said, "Why don't you do that at Hallowe'en?" "I will", I thought.

On Friday we had the Hallowe'en party at school. We were supposed to wear costumes. I was a pirate and Roger was a sailor. When we went in, our teacher, Miss Jones, was dressed as an angel. We did some Hallowe'en dot-to-dots and told ghost stories. Then we had a costume contest. I won! I got an excellent Hallowe'en story book. We had refreshments. The refreshments were cupcakes with tiny plastic pumpkins with a candle in it.

On Saturday it was Hallowe'en. I was a butterfly. I came home with a lot of treats. I was very tired. This was the best Hallowe'en week ever.

THE MARSHONS

Once-a-pon a time there were two marshons. They were very cuiries things. They liked to look on globes of the universe! They always looked at earth! They wanted to go to the earth! So they got in a space ship and flew away. They landed on a playground! They went swinging on the swings! Then they went to the Halifax Grammar School! They jump on a trampoleen! They played british bulldog and cops and robbers.

*Zareen Ahmad
Prep Two*

THE BIRDS OF THE SOUTH

*There once was a bird of the south
who had a very big mouth.
He'd squawk and squawk
and try to talk.
There once was a bird of the south.*

*Another bird of the south
who didn't have such a big mouth,
she wouldn't talk
or even squawk
The two different birds of the south.*

*Emily Doolittle
Prep Three*

A BEE

*I like to be
A busy little bee,
Collecting honey in the garden
For the lovely children,
Moving from flower to flower
For many long hours.
It is a lot of fun
To watch the children run.
I like to be
A happy little bee
Indeed.*

*Karen Lee
Prep One*

MAILMAN

*A man who delivered the mail
proved to be slow as a snail.
He walked around town
'til suddenly, he drowned.
And that was the end of the mail.*

*Emily Doolittle
Prep Three*

THE LITTLE BOY

Once there was a little boy and his name was Brian. He lived with his grandmother and grandfather. He lived in London.

He saw a postcard of London in a store and he bought the card and brought it home to show his grandmother and grandfather. They liked it very much. Then Brian's mother and father came and Brian showed it to them. They liked it very much. They went home and, when he got home, he hugged it because he liked it so much.

He would look at it every day. One day he didn't look at it and when he came home from school, it was gone. He looked for it and looked for it. He looked under his bed. All he found was books. Then he looked under his brother's bed. All he found was garbage. Then he looked under the stairs where his dog slept. All he found was dog hair.

Then he said to himself that his brothers took it. On his way to talk to his brothers, when he went past the garbage can, he saw the postcard of London sticking out. He picked it up and he hung it up again and after that he looked at it.

He said to himself that he had learned a lesson to look everywhere before blaming someone else. Then he was happy.

*Christopher Lankester
Prep Three*

JEAN

*There once was a girl named Jean
who loved to be terribly clean.
But was disappointed
When her mother pointed
She couldn't be thrown in the washing machine.*

*Emily Doolittle
Prep Three*

HORSES

*I like horses. Star is my favourite. She is white. I ride her. I help groom
Star, too. Riding is lots of fun.*

*Sarah Stewart
Primary*

*When spring is finally here, Dad and I will go fishing. We will put our
canoe on top of the car and go to the lake. We will also take our fishing rods and
net. We will take our cat and dog. I hope they don't fight in the boat. With luck
we will catch five trout. One for each of us, Dad, me, the dog, the cat and
Mother who is at home waiting for us.*

*Aaron Dickson
Primary*

*Joe went to the play grounds to play, he met Peter who was bigger, they
made friends. They went to Peter's house and had cookies. Joe was happy
because he made a good friend.*

*Paul MacDonald
Primary*

*We have a cat. We love our cat. Our cat's name is Fluffy. Our cat likes to chew
on my clothes and blankets. One day he ran away and didn't come back for
four days. We called him and called him. I was worried that he would not come
back. And eventually one day he came back. We were happy to see him. We fed
him and we loved him. I hope he doesn't run away again.*

*Heather Rapson
Prep One*

THERE ONCE WAS A LADY LENORE

*There once was a lady Lenore
Who always asked for more
She grew so fat
Too small was her hat
She couldn't get through the door.*

*Emily Doolittle
Prep Three*

HALLOWE'EN NIGHT

*A bat flew.
A witch stirred her brew.
It's Hallowe'en.
I think I've seen a ghostly night.
What a sight!
A princess walked.
Two goblins talked.
The children shouted,
As they walked about.
It's Hallowe'en
tonight!*

*Emily Doolittle
Prep Three*

Preps Four to Six

THE PERILS OF A BARN MOUSE

One damp, misty Sunday in 1894, near Bideford, the entire countryside slept.

But unknown to the sleeping residents, enormous pressures were building on the shale dam, in fact a fault was already forming and could spill millions of cubic metres of water down on the town.

As the town was waking there was a rumbling sound, and a crack like thunder, then came the water; it came smashing down the valley by the ton, stopping at nothing, devastating everything in its path...nothing escaped.

For an hour it ravaged the countryside, until the massive debris formed a new dam of sorts. But this was not the end of the destruction, the water seeped through the wreckage and the flood water forced people to abandon their homes, the looters were left to loot—and to drown.

Now to focus on our story, the only creatures to stay in the ravaged town and to survive were three mice. Their names were Michael, Raphael and Daniel. They stayed in an old but solid barn. The mice were best friends so it mustn't have been hard to get along. When the flood hit, Raphael (the brains of the outfit), knew enough to go to the hayloft of the barn (unfortunately, he didn't know enough to get out of there).

"The flood is too close," informed Raphael. "We would never get out in time."

"Why not?" asked Daniel.

"Look," said Michael, "I know you fancy yourself as an athlete, Daniel, but you would never get out....let alone us."

"I bet ya could, Michael." (Obviously not very bright).

"How much?" retorted Michael. (Probably an extremely strained relationship).

"Oh, all right, I'll stay," sighed Danny, "but I won't like it!"

That was the end of the argument. During the argument (which was one of many, by the way), Raphael was staring out the skylight quietly. All of a sudden he sprang to life and asked, "Can you weave?"

Mike and Danny were astonished and cried in perfect harmony "Weave?!" It was apparent that a tone of disgust could be found somewhere as well.

"Yes, weave..you know...weave straw...make a boat?"

"Oh boy...watch out, Michael, it's another one of his brainstorms!"

"I noticed."

"Oh come on! And I suppose you have a way of getting out of here?"

"I do!" replied Danny proudly.

"Well, what is it?" asked Raphael (quite eager to get back at Danny).

"Swim."

"You don't know how to swim!" laughed Michael.

"So, I learn quickly!"

"You'd drown!" squealed Raphael, who was doubling up laughing.

"I guess we'll have to stay then, Raphael."

"Unfortunately you're right, Michael," thought Raphael out loud.

"First thing we have to do is build little shelters and find food."

"Hey, Raphael," jested Danny, "you're right for a change. I am hungry you know."

"I know everything, you twerp." spoke Raphael in a superior manner.

"Watch it, bucko!" said Dan in quite a defensive manner.

"Break it up, guys!" said Michael in quite an in-between manner. They sat for a few minutes in silence until Michael decided to explore.

"I'm going to explore."

"O.K.", said Riff-Raff (Raphael's nickname) "don't get hurt!"

"I won't."

Again they sat in silence, backs to each other, as if wanting to be friends again, but didn't know how to tell each other.

"Riff-Raff! Danny! I found some food!" The barn broke out into noise.

"We're coming Mike, don't worry."

They were soon eating happily and gratefully and when the waters receded they decided to stay in the barn permanently.

*Jonathan Dolin
Prep Five
First Prize*

YOGA'S ADVANTAGES

Yoga has its advantages and its disadvantages, but many more advantages than disadvantages. Let me tell you about a time when I discovered an advantage.

I was practising the headstand when I overheard two men with Tyrolean noses talking about the up-coming election.

"Should we elect Mr. N. E.?" the first one asked. "I mean, people say he's No. 1."

"No, that would never do. I do not think that we should elect N.E. 1 (anyone)," answered the second.

"Yeah, I guess you're right. I'll bet that N.E. stands for Norwegian Elkhound. The big dog!"

There was a brief pause. The subject changed in it.

"Speaking of dogs, Frank," continued the first, "I have a German Shepherd that has a fork and knife beside him every time he sits down to eat! Unusual, isn't it?"

I reasoned that the second one's name must be Frank.

"Yes!" exclaimed 'Frank'. "And I have a Scottish Terrier who can bark the nine times table backwards."

"Wow! Wow, wow, wow!" They were obviously delighted with each of their dogs.

My head hurt. You see, I had been standing on my head so long that I just had to give it a rest.

"Oh, Joe?" That must be Frank. He scared the daylights out of me. I also reasoned that the other guy's name must be Joe. "Would you mind giving me a lift home?"

"I guess not. Where do ya live?"

"Forty-two Maple Street. You know. It's just up the street, round the corner, take a left and look for a brick house. Okay?"

"Yeah, I remember. You took me there once. All right, here's my car. Hop in."

Well, that's over, I thought. Suddenly I became bored, so I practised the lotus postion.

*Evan Jones
Prep Five
First Prize*

THE FRIENDLY LION

There was once a friendly lion. He loved people. Every day he would run here, there and everywhere looking for people.

One day he came to a town and saw many people. He ran down the streets as happy as a pussy cat. He was so happy that he sat on his hind legs and roared a loud, happy roar! People were terrified. There on the street was a lion!" Call the zoo-keeper!" someone cried. "Stand back!" shouted a policeman.

Soon evening came. The lion, very sadly, trotted down the empty streets. Everyone had either fled to another state or had locked themselves in their own houses. No children danced. No crickets chirped. No birds sang. The lion did not understand. He found an old deserted barn and settled there for the night. Soon he was sound asleep.

"A-A-A-A-A-.....!" The lion woke up. There were three children and their parents standing in front of him. The lion roared a soft roar. Only the biggest child understood. He walked over to the lion and petted him. In a few minutes the whole family was petting the lion. He was happy. Very happy. As happy as a pussy cat!

*Jessica Pereira
Prep Four
Second Prize*

THE RABBIT THAT WEIGHED TWO GRAMS

One day a rabbit was walking along a forest floor when a gust of wind swept him into the air.

He flew along for at least two hundred kilometres until he hit a spiralling convection current. He went up like a whirlpool, up and up until he hit the clouds.

Meanwhile, at an airforce base.... "Sir! I've picked up something on the radar, sir! A flying rabbit, sir!" "I think you should take a couple of days off..... "

The rabbit hit the radar and fell down into a cockpit of an X-16. He hit the "on" button and the X-16 took off with a roar. He was on a collision course with an enemy atomic bomb! By accident he pressed the eject button just in time.

A scientist caught him on a coast guard boat. He gave him shots and weighed him and he only weighed two grams!

When they got back to land the city gave the rabbit a medal for bravery and for saving many lives.

*Andy Chamard
Prep Four
Honourable Mention*

HOW THE SKUNK GOT ITS SMELL

Once the skunk had no smell. It was helpless. Millions of skunks were slaughtered. God saw all this and took pity on the skunks.

God took the smell of garbage and dung and mixed it up into one formula. He called all the skunks together and poured some on each skunk.

A hunter came soon and he aimed his gun at a skunk. The skunk shot the stink at the hunter. Other hunters were sprayed by the skunks, and now no-one hunts skunks any more.

That is how the skunk got its smell.

*Chris Saunderson
Prep Four
Honourable Mention*

SNOW

*Shelter for an eskimo,
or for an animal, sleeping,
hibernating in some cave or tunnel,
when, almost unsensibly, the rest of us,
up here, shivering, suffering the cold,
failing to realize the beauty,
scintillating, white
and
beautiful.*

*Evan Jones
Prep Five
Honourable Mention*

HOW THE PORCUPINE GOT HIS QUILLS

One day a porcupine was sleeping lazily in the sun when he heard a pitter-patter. He looked up and saw a BIG red sly fox. Quickly the porcupine ran into a thornbush nearby.

The porcupine saw that his smooth fur could not do anything to fight off the fox, so he thought awhile and then he said, "I've got it! I'll eat some thorns, then as I digest them they will grow into my fur." Luckily the fox was not listening.

So the porcupine quickly ate all the thorns and they started to grow out of his skin. He went charging towards the fox and stuck them in the fox. The fox went yelping away and never returned to the porcupine again, and that is why the porcupine has quills.

*Katie Laycock
Prep Four*

T.V. COMEDY
(a story, untrue)

Did ya hear about the party last night? I was there, and this is what happened.

There was a knock on the door.

"That's Frank!" John shouted.

"(Cough, cough) Hi, you guys. Let's start working."

Working at a party? Well, you might think it was weird, but what I think is weird is that they called it a party.

"You know, George," I said, "last week's presentation was superb."

Thanks, Allen, but we had better start working, or we won't be able to do tomorrow's show."

You see, we — Frank, John, Allen (me) and George — were called The Fabulous Four. We were a group of T.V. comedians. Frank and George were both twelve. John was ten, and so was I. Of course, my real name is Evan, but they called me Allan because Allan is my middle name.

"Who has some funny skits?" asked John, who was the head of the group, being the one who organized it.

"I do," I said. "We need a chocolate bar and a table."

I gave John a piece of paper. It said:

CAST: Allan - Painter, John - Customer,
George and Frank - outsiders.

ALLAN: *That will be 75 dollars, please.*

JOHN: *Here ya go. Hey, I'll treat you to a
chocolate bar. How 'bout it?*

ALLAN: *Sure thing.*

LATER

JOHN: *Like it?*

ALLAN: *Mmmm, love the rich taste.*

It's the caffeine I could do without.

There was a roar of laughter from all sides.

"That was a good one, Allan," he said to me. "Does anyone have more?"

"I do," Frank said. "We need four forks and a table."

CAST: Frank - One brother, John - The other
brother, Allan - Father, George - Uncle.

ALLAN: *It's time for dinner, kids.*

GEORGE: *Oh goody. I can't wait.*

JOHN: *Here's your silverware.*

FRANK: *Hey! You forgot mine! I only have three forks.*

*There was not as much laughter as the first time, but there was enough.
"That's another good one. It will do. Any more?"*

"No."

"All right. I have some saved up, too. I'll organize these tomorrow, and then we can broadcast at three o'clock. All right?"

"All right."

Well, one by one we left.

Today is the day we are 'going on air.' Oops, it's quarter to twelve. Guess I'd better be gone. I have to rehearse. Goodbye!

P.S. Be sure to watch 'Comedy' at 3:00, on Channel 14.

*Evan Jones
Prep Five*

A DAY AT SCHOOL

*Once upon a time a boy came home from school and his mother asked,
"What happened in school today?"*

"Oh it was normal", said the boy, "Just the same old stuff. What happens if someone is taken to the hospital on a stretcher?" he asked curiously.

"That usually means he has got a broken bone, or he's very sick", replied his mother, "Why did you ask?"

Someone in my class had to go to the hospital on one. He had two broken legs, and a broken arm." answered the boy. "That wasn't as bad as the injury to the person who had three bricks fall on his head."

"Why did this happen?" asked his mother.

"The bookshelf fell on the people", said the boy.

"Why did that happen?" asked his mother.

"There was a wrecking crew wrecking the wall", replied the boy. His mother asked, "Why were they doing that?"

"Someone drove his car into it," replied the boy.

"Why did he do that?" asked his mother. The boy said, "A bus came off the road and almost hit him."

"Why did it do that?" asked his mom.

"A tree came down in a storm," answered the boy.

"Was this this morning?" asked his mother. The boy replied, "No Mom, we had a fire this morning."

"How bad was the fire?" his mom questioned.

"Not very bad. Most of the other classrooms were burned, but not our room", said the boy. His mother said, "Go do your homework."

"Yes, Mom", said the boy.

*Tim Andrews
Prep Five*

*In front of our school there is a pear tree
and it bears very few pears.
It has been through much,
I think it is very brave.
It has been through construction of all kinds;
Rumbles, bumbles, great big shovels
and long, cold winters.
It is almost dead.
It is crippled with clumps of dead leaves
And there are places where insects have feasted.
It is crooked, awkward
And most of the fruit is brown,
But it is still there, marking ages of wisdom!*

*Jennifer Smith
Prep Four*

I HAVE FELT LONELY.....

*I have felt lonely
And all by myself,
Just like the jar upon the shelf.
I feel lonely in my room,
Alone, away from my brothers
And when my parents aren't home.
Though it is peaceful, sunny and bright
It's too, too quiet to feel really right.
Oh, how I wish I had a friend
On whom I could depend.
She'd be there, by my side
Day after day, so I need not cry.
I have felt lonely, but
My, oh my,
Now that I have a friend close by,
I have no need to cry and cry.*

*Andrea McCulloch
Prep Four*

THE CAT AND THE GOLDFISH

"Hello", said the cat, as he peered into the fishbowl.

"Hello", said the fat fish worriedly, "How are you?"

"I am fine", answered the cat.

"That is good", commented the fish from the fishbowl, "Why do you come and drink out of my aquarium...and put your paws in it?"

"Because I want to see if I can catch you." answered the cat cautiously.

"Hold your tongue or you may lose it, cat!!" snapped a very angry fish.

"Besides, cat, you can't come in here to get me anyway. You can't swim. You'd drown." replied the fish slyly.

"Maybe so, but I can get the fishnet and catch you", said the cat.

And on and on they conversed, until, naturally, the fat, funny looking fish jumped and ate the poor...little...kitten.

*Jonathan Dolin
Prep Five*

THE TOY STORE

I walked into the store,

No one was there,

I wondered why,

But I didn't care.

Such a weird and scary day,

It was twelve noon

And I could see the moon.

Suddenly I heard voices and noise,

Cash registers ringing and lots of toys.

I turned around

But no one was there.

Through my body I felt a sharp scare.

I turned again and saw an army of tin men.

They were charging at me like I was a target.

Shrill voices were ringing in my ears.

It was very hard to keep back the tears.

Howling winds and screaming voices

Were both yelling my name.

I really thought I was going insane.

Everything in the store was surrounding me.

It was so scary,

You wouldn't believe

All of a sudden I heard a loud BUZZ.

My alarm went off,

It was time to get up.

*Beth Medjuck
Prep Six*

WHAT A WEB!

I am a spider spinning a web in the doorway. I am having much trouble in doing it because I am in a storm. After I finished it I swing out on my dragline to survey it when what should happen but a sudden gust of wind comes and sweeps it away! So what can I do but take ALL that trouble and make another one (it isn't all that easy, you know). So when I FINALLY finish again, I make it much sturdier so the big bad wind will not blow it away again! But then the rain increases and shakes my web away! But then what do I see? The best thing that could happen at the best time, the sun is starting to peek out from behind that dreadful raincloud, and the wind is blowing it away! Hooray! I almost want to shout! But then I just notice that I'm getting VEEERY hungry! So I set to work making the last but NOT the least web, and did it MUCH quicker and a more decent one at that and since the rainstorm just went away ALL the most juicy bugs and I got more than I needed for one meal so I tucked the rest away and saved them for breakfast.

"Phew!" I thought before I went to bed, that was a VERY narrow escape! I was pre-etty lucky that I had any supper at all.

*Jennifer Smith
Prep Four*

CREAKING STAIRS

*Late at night,
You may hear
Someone on the seventh step.*

*Creaking, creaking,
Then it stops,
And you wonder
Why they're gone,
You imagine them.*

*Your imagination is so great,
You create them in your mind.
Then you hear them once again,
And your nightmares begin once more.*

*Late at night,
You may hear....*

*Jonathan Dolin
Prep Five*

TROLLS

Once upon a time there was an old troll woman. She had five troll sons. They were very ugly. One day one of her sons was walking through a gold cave. Along came a man, a very old man. His name was "Wise Man Joe". He was so frightening that the troll, named Gold Glumb was scared half to death because even though trolls are big and strong it doesn't mean that they are smart. They are quite dumb.

The man said, "Give me all the gold you have and I will give you a fairy princess". That was a hard decision for Gold Glumb, so he told the man to wait.

The night came and Gold Glumb told his brothers. They told him to get the princess but Gold Glumb didn't know because he loved gold, that's why his name was Gold Glumb.

That night Gold Glumb went for a walk. He met the man. Gold Glumb said, "I want the princess." The man agreed, so out of the bushes came the most beautiful princess you ever saw. She was weeping and weeping. Gold Glumb took the princess into the house and showed her to his mother and his brothers. They were all saying how beautiful she was. At night they made a lovely bedroom.

After the trolls went to sleep she was still awake. She climbed out of the bed and ran out the door. She never came back.

*Jessica Pereira
Prep Four*

A DISASTER

*Tornado, tornado, go away!
Go to some other place today!*

*You whirl around the city
Oh, what a pity!*

*Tornado, tornado, go away.
Go to some other place today!*

*You pick up houses one by one.
They must weigh a ton!
Tornado, tornado, go away,
Go to some other place today!
You swish up the mud
And make such a flood.
Tornado, tornado go away.
Find some other place to play!*

*Andrea McCulloch
Prep Four*

BILBAO BOUND

*The waves climbed high and the winds they blew.
And the boat was tossed around.
But fear came to captain and crew,
And the boatswain steered the course he knew,
Heading for Biscay Sound.*

*The captain called out to reef the main,
A thunderclap rent the air.
Men's muscles strained the headland to gain
On the port bow lay the coast of Spain
And hope overcame despair.*

*Edward Rees
Prep Six*

POLAR BEAR

*Look, there's a polar bear flat on his stomach,
I think he's stalking a seal.
A few yards ahead of him is a small water hole,
His prey will come up there.*

*Under the water a seal is now swimming,
Playfully rolling about.
Soon it will surface to fill up its lungs,
It might be the last time it breathes.*

*Up on the surface, the polar bear waits,
Quiet as green grass grows.
First there are bubbles and then a dim outline,
Up pops a head, it's the seal!*

*Out shoots a paw as large as a dinner plate,
Destined to kill with one blow.
Hitting the target the seal is no more,
And the polar bear has a feast.*

*Brian Awad
Prep Six*

WHAT IS RED?

*Red is a cherry on a sundae.
Red is a flower in April showers.
A fire burning,
A red top turning,
An apple half bitten,
And a fluffy red mitten.
Red is liquorice, a kind of candy,
Red is a bicycle on the street.
Red is the stop light warning you.
Red is a Christmas stocking hung up,
A red ribbon on a gift,
A person in a red car giving you a lift.
That is red.*

*Elaine Lee
Prep Four*

WHAT IS BLUE?

*What is blue?
My brother's room
And mine is too!*

*Blue is water under the sun
Oh Blue is so much fun!*

*Blue is jeans
With yellows and greens.
Blue is my favourite colour
But GREEN is my mother's!*

*Andrea McCulloch
Prep Four*

*Pear tree! Brave pear tree!
With long, beautiful branches.
It has survived many winter colds,
Poor little pear tree, lonely and cold.
The pears are all mouldy.
This tree has had exciting and boring adventures:
Growling machinery has dug up the soil.
At last it is done.
"Oh look, I have my very own island!"
Trees are important, especially this little pear tree!*

*Katie Laycock
Prep Four*

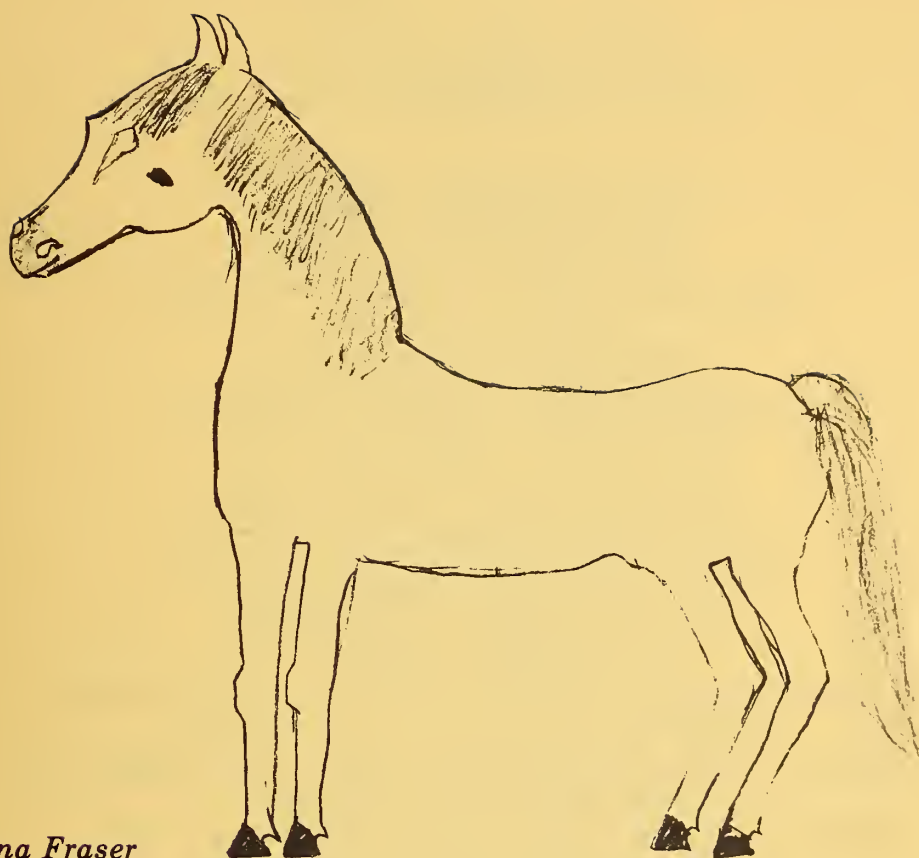
THE TREE

*The tree,
Day by day,
Watch it grow,
All through Spring,
Through Summer,
Not Fall.*

*Winter Comes,
It's veins run cold,
But deeply, within, there's life,
Behold.*

*It's Spring,
Inner life revives,
This tree has braved the cold,
But there are many more to come.*

*Jonathan Dolin
Prep Five*



Anna Fraser
Prep Four



Traci Boswell
Prep Three

Uppers One to Three

PERFECTION

*Beautiful Eden was too lush for me
Everything was perfect
Each blade of grass, each tree
Every ripple of water was set, it was flawless
So what was I to do?
When I sang, my voice was clear
Like a thousand nightingales, only better
And when I fished
Of course the fish they bit
I grew restless to be wrong, imperfect
So reaching up into the unblemished tree
I picked an apple
And saved myself from perfection.
In doing so I fell
Off the wall which was so carefully built around the garden
And my mind and brain was shattered
Neither I, nor all the kings horses, not even all the kings men
Could put me together again
So they shake their heads, they pretend to know, they say
"She was on the road to perfection,
But she didn't want to go,
Some never know when they've got the best"
But I did know, it wasn't the best
Neither is this, so what is?*

*Sabeena Ahmad
Upper Three
First Prize*

BUTTERFLY

*Flutter of colour
On a pair of feather wings
Gone in a sun-flash*

*Louise Cameron
Upper Two
Tied for Second Prize*

THE LION

*Lion! Lion! standing brave,
on the open, blowing field.
Thou art beautiful, if deadly.
Your mane glows with a living flame.*

*Lion! Lion! swift to kill,
on the moonlit jungle night.
Soft as cotton, hard as stone.
Pacing through the trees alone.*

*Lion! Lion! live with pride,
One, your kindred lie with you.
Two, the domain in which you live.
Three, you the head, the leading gold.*

*Lion! Lion! arsenal alive,
Your claws are sharp as daggers bright.
Your teeth are shining in the night.
Agility at your command,
Makes you the best hunter in the land.*

*Lion! Lion! thy might doth shine.
Did God make you rule them all?
King of Beasts, the Feline crown.
Does man have right to slash you down?*

*Liam Murphy
Upper One
Tied for Second Prize*

A PICTURE

*The dark, sooted walls cower around them,
As they relay their sad songs.
His shabby top hat and ragged clothes,
Are no comfort to her.
He insures her hope will come soon.
She, knowing full well that when
The sun breaks on the chimney tops
All will be the same.*

*Jane Abbott
Upper Two
Honourable Mention*

THE RAINBOW

*A golden sunny shower
Drips down in coloured drops
Glowing with prismatic splendour
A rainbow slowly forms.*

*A lovely pastelled arch,
A beautiful archer's bow.
Made from the gentle cloth of gods,
Sewn with elfish dreams.*

*It stays a while, azure, green, and rose
Then slowly fades away.
Leaving in a child a memory,
And a reminder of a pledge.*

*Kirsten Beckett
Upper Three
Honourable Mention*

TIME

*Grain by grain
The sands fall
Counting the
Hours then it
Is time to
Turn it
Over
Over
Turn it
Is time to
Hours then it
Counting the
The sands fall
Grain by grain*

*Peter Thomas
Upper One*

*Wet brown leaves glisten
From a cool forest pool
Topaz behind glass*

*Louise Cameron
Upper Two*

PLEASURES OF SPRING

*The sun's rays break through the clouds,
The bright light reflecting off dew drops
Which coat the blades of new grass.
New buds begin to burst
Shedding their protective shells
To show off their green splendour.*

*A brisk breeze brings scents
So satisfying, like Nature's cologne.
The deep, dank smell of
Tilled fields, damp in the morning
But later to dry out in the
Sun and wind of blustery Spring.*

*Nadine Bishop
Upper Three*

WASHING

*Washing on the line
When day is clear and fine
Multicoloured jesters trying to make us laugh
Jumping flapping dancing with a clothes pole for a staff.*

*John-Peter Beale
Upper One*

THE FORGOTTEN PALACE

The hands on the clock sit ominously still, and no one is around to witness the passing of time, save a small family of mice, scurrying about looking for nonexistent crumbs. The one-room makeshift hut serves as bedroom, kitchen, and living room. All is dark, and the hands on the clock have stopped at 3:00; yet, deep in the woods, there is no need to be concerned with the passing of time. People rarely pass the obscure, little cabin in the thick of the woods. As the hours interminably pass to dawn, light streams in through a rickety glass window, illuminating the entire living quarters of a single person.

The room is sparsely furnished. The bed is little more than a slight, wooden frame cot with a thin, lumpy mattress covered only by a tattered, ragged blanket. The most elegant piece of furniture in the entire hut is a straight backed chair, cushioned with a padded, but threadbare, green coverlet, situated in front of a shriveled, old lady; a hollowed out piece of wood, which must have served for a pipe, and a minute amount of tobacco.

Once, not long ago, the wooden cabin was alive with happy sounds. Chattering could be heard in all parts of the forest as birds and squirrels gathered at the always full birdfeeder hanging from a near by tree. Outside could be seen an occasional bear, deer, or most often, rabbits, searching for the scraps of food, which they knew they could depend on at any time of year. The fireplace once blazed with life, when during cold months, innumerable small animals would come to draw warmth, bits of food, and comfort from a human presence.

But now, in late February, there is no one left in the cottage. The birdfeeder hangs empty, and no scraps appear outside the door. The man no longer sits in his chair in the old, familiar place by the fire. The animals no longer come to the lonely, little cottage in the middle of the forest to chatter to the man.

The old dog lays curled up at his master's feet where he dreamed his last dream of chasing rabbits through the trees. On the ragged bed lies the old man, frozen and stiff where he took his last breath. He shared all he had with his family in the woods until the end. Winter, in all her cruel beauty, yields to no man.

Mika Chang
Upper One

*A man, chimney sweep,
In a black and white,
The child, sitting
In the cold dark light.*

*A dreary place,
An alley or a room
All damp hard brick
Talking, we presume.*

*Two people both poor
Don't have much of a life
Timid and cold
Relaying tales of their strife.*

*Comfort and relief
Are found in each other,
Their sorrows and sadness
They knew they must smother.*

*Safety at present,
Who knows what will come,
They simply must wait,
'Till night time is done.*

*And when the dawn breaks
They dread what's ahead,
They go their own ways
Still weak and unfed.*

*Katherine Bishop
Upper Two*

WET FOREST

*Trickling damp leaves
Soaked home-driven animals
Mother Nature's maze*

*Anthony Novak
Upper Two*

*I'm looking for a crystal ball
Amongst a plain of flint,
Under piles of dirty rubble
For a sparkle or a glint.
I'm searching for a handsome prince
Behind that clammy toad,
Deep in those eyes of watery yellow
For a signal or a code.
I go on striving every day
To find the very best,
Perhaps I search all in vain
In my dark and lonely quest.*

*Louise Cameron
Upper Two*

Uppers Four to Six

WOMBSONG: WORDS WITHOUT AIR

*I am an ear, an egg, a ball, a core:
not moving, moved; I hear 'I am, I am',
remembering memory compressed before
doom, doom; undamned, a woman or a man.*

*Ends I have now, curled, bent; I press the edge
of how I move. My own loud blood, my spine:
I am aware of these, though no language
mine, mine. The core within, I am defined.*

*My neck, my neck! The searing clenched dark thrusts
me beating through a press, a bloody trench—
I mount! emerge...I will, I will. I lust
for declaration; I'm pierced with air, drenched.*

*An exile in a womb of utter light,
all eye and violent lung, my voice ignites.*

*Chris Caines
Upper Six
First Prize*

*Together on a crowded bus
our eyes met fleetingly,
and all the moments passed before
of an eternity.*

*I looked away,
but the magnets of your eyes
cried out in the silence,
and I turned to say*

I love you

*We sat entranced,
a tension built on air
and pondered silently
the beauty of our brief affair.*

*Through courtship, love, and marriage
we passed in one short breath,
our cosmic children followed
untouched by life or death.*

*But with a startled jerk
our images dissolved in time
the bus rolled to a stop
we died still in our prime.*

*Through open doors I sadly passed
into the concrete world of dread,
And You, You stayed behind and said*

Goodbye, my love.

*Melanie Jackson
Upper Five
Tied for Second Place*

My dear, if you must be a fool please avoid this variety

*There is a man who thinks he is too old.
He is right--he is old, forty at least.
There is a girl who thinks she is too young.
She is right--she is young, eighteen at most.
The two went daily to their discontent;
Drew that robe around their ears and day dreamt.*

*He drank his beer and smoked his cigarettes,
Leaned back in his swivel chair and exhaled:
'What I would do if I were young and free'.
She drank her coffee, combed her hair,
Threw melancholy looks to the mirror,
Grew bitter at the helplessness of youth.*

*He grew older, eventually died.
She injected; committed suicide.*

*Mary Langille
Upper Six
Tied for Second Prize*

SELF-EXAMINATION

*She looked in the mirror
and thought
a multitude of profound things,
But mostly
she thought
That nose is too large.*

*Mary Langille
Upper Six
Honourable Mention*

POEMS TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE PEDAGOGUE

*There is a professor called Tim,
Who imbues education with vim—
He structures his courses
With "Natural Forces"
And extreme pedagogical whim.*

*Of Hibernian literate men,
There cannot be much more than ten;
There's Synge, Yeats and Joyce,
But the ultimate voice,
Is that of Tim Brownlow—AMEN!*

*The dress of the "man who succeeds"
Is a tie like a garden of weeds,
A half-decayed shirt
With a glazing of dirt,
And some quite indescribable tweeds.*

*Peter Dawson
Upper Six
Honourable Mention*

THE SCULPTURE

"Oh look!"

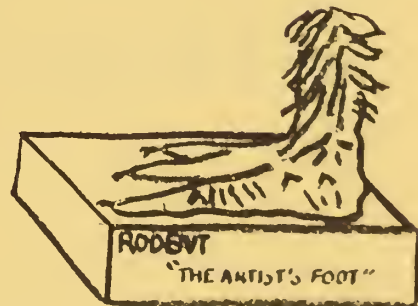
"Yes indeed!"

"I do believe"

"Yes! It is a Rodent"

"Really?"

"Oh yes, you're right, I see the paw print."



*John Embil
Upper Six*

THE CITY

*'Give me but the solitude
Of the forest and stream,
And leave me in peace', said the man.
But the iron mountains mocked his words,
And the stench passing in the streets laid them low.
The man was chained, and died in bondage.
But eventually the mountains crumbled to dust,
And a wind from the west washed the stench from the streets,
Heralding the return of the forest and stream.*

*'Sic semper tyrannis', my father told me.
'Tempus edax rerum', I replied.*

*Christopher Lee
Upper Four*

A LITTLE KNOWN TRAGEDY (inspired by the prose poems of Zbigniew Herbert)

You see that mattress over there? It was once a snake. A big, fat snake with a slithering speed of five yards per hour. Not very fast you say--but think: if he went any faster his belly would be covered with slither scabs. Not very comfortable--but you couldn't understand; you've never had a slither scab. These scabs are excruciatingly itchy and the horrible fact is: snakes can't scratch scabs. They just look at them in despair.

How did this snake become a mattress? He was compacted in a mattress factory. This snake thought the creakwhamsmuckbang of the compactor was an exotic mating call so into the factory went one aroused snake. Then creakwhamsmuckbang snake becomes mattress.

The snake never experienced the mating drive again.

*Mary Langille
Upper Six*

ON THE COLD PLATE

Automatically, she lifted the little glass door and reached into the damp interior of the cold foods unit for "The Cold Plate", 2.39. The hot foods, small soft objects half submerged in peaty liquids, slow bubbles breaking on their congealed surfaces since eleven o'clock, she could not stomach at twelve thirty. She ate at the same hour every day, that was how it worked: Research and Administration, on the first floor, ate at eleven o'clock, while the staff directly involved with the project (second floor) ate at twelve. "The Cold Plate", however, only occupied her for half an hour, so she always came down at twelve thirty. She filled a white styrofoam cup with coffee, paid the cashier, and found an empty table.

She looked down at her lunch. On the plate lay an oval scoop of red cabbage coleslaw, an exotic addition to "The Cold Plate" menu. Its corrugated surface was dry, a dull purple-red with a network of white veins. That's what it looks like, she thought, stabbing her fork into it, watching the red juice from its moist interior bleed around the pineapple slice, the potato salad, the slick, pink edge of the ham.

"It is alive, but not, strictly speaking, a living being", Dr. Steele had told her on her first day, as he reclined in his office chair, contemplating as if from a great distance the symmetrical arrangement of his fingers in the space before his chest. "Because the brain is taken from a foetus developed under laboratory conditions, where it has received the minimum possible amount of sensory input, it has no consciousness." She had tried to imagine this, no consciousness, aware of nothing; but the nearest she could come to nothing was an endless atmospheric expanse of blinding silent white. Nothing, she knew, would have no colour. "A strong anaesthetic was introduced into the blood supply through the umbilical cord prior to the operation. There was none of what might be called 'psychological trauma'". Even that first day she had begun to translate him, and most of her colleagues. She had to be careful: their words were so cool and smooth, they could slip in without her being aware of it.

It had been grown, like some exotic hothouse orchid, in a laboratory tank, completely insulated from vibration, sound, and light. A few days before it would have been born, mechanical hands, every finger a delicate instrument, unfolded themselves from the wall of the tank where they had been poised for two hundred and seventy days, and under the remote guidance of surgeons and a computer, removed the brain from the body. Or rather, they removed the body from the brain. "It is quite unaware of anything, even the process of its own computation. 'I think, therefore I am', said the philosopher." He chuckled, and restructured his fingers. "Yes, but it is not even aware of its own thought. It cannot, in the strictest sense, 'be'." It did not know that it had ever had a body. She conceived the corpse as limp and white, its skull sliced off and all the blood scraped out of its head, behind a wrinkled face a white, empty cavity. Left over, discarded; a white flesh bag attached to nothing.

"It is merely a component in the computer. No more human than a transistor or a piece of magnetic tape." She watched his eyes, penetrating the space he had built between his fingers. He chuckled again. "Pay no attention to the press. I'm sure you'll be a valuable addition to the team. Good luck with the thesis." A cybernetic organism: the human brain, apogee of evolution, and by coincidence a better computer than the brain itself could ever build, embodied as a computer. Its natural inclination to instantaneously process all information fully exploited: thought unobstructed by language, by emotion, by habit, by consciousness; the greatest advance since the microchip. A computer that would, it was hoped, program itself. She found the smile he now offered her almost lewd.

Lifting up a forkfull of coleslaw, she opened her mouth. Like most of the cafeteria food, it had no taste. She swallowed it without even chewing.

The advances that had made the project possible were in biochemistry, in the perfection of the synthetic blood which bathed the brain and nourished it; and in computer technology, in the development of the mesh of probes and receptors and stimulators which translated the computer's binary language into electrochemical stimulations which compelled the brain to thought, and then caught its replies, like fish in a net, dragged them into the air, translated them into binary for the computer. And for us, she thinks.

She is sitting in her office, staring into the glorious sky of the one picture in the room, a landscape in watercolour given to her by her mother when she was twelve. An overcast sky just after a rainfall, fills nearly three quarters of the painting. In it she finds every shade of white she can imagine, whites that are almost blue, almost icy green, almost beige, almost cream. She has always hung the picture above her desk, but she has never resolved the sky. Its whites are transparent, delicate washes that hint at grey, but never are grey. In some ways, the picture is impenetrable.

She pulls her eyes down to the program which she is checking for the fourth time. It must be fed no misinformation, it will accept anything, it cannot argue and it does not know what truth is. They don't know if they will be able to erase errors from its memory. So far it hasn't made any.

This innocent is learning faster than they had expected; in a few weeks it had learned all the algebra it took her years to learn, and now they are teaching it calculus. She cannot keep pace with it; it devours her programs as fast as she can prepare them. It must be fed continually, voracious, as a baby.

She tries to picture it in a dark sterile chamber. A gnarled white gnome is crouching over it, poking it and prodding it with long, skeletal fingers. 'Think, think' he is chanting, kneading it now, like a pliant bloody pastry, 'Think, think'. Blood gushes everywhere, the air is full of it. She is trembling.

She does not understand how it is done. She avoided both chemistry and biology courses when she did her B.Sc., fulfilling only the minimum requirements; "The minimum possible amount of sensory experience". Biology she considered the science of death and dismemberment: they took dead things, and cut them up. Chemistry was the science of embalming; all those innocent liquids were natron, formaldehyde; the laboratory reeked of death. So she studied mathematics, and computer science. Numbers did not live, or die, or cry out for preservation. They were constant. Mathematics was pure, and the language of the computer without deception.

Still, she had been deceived. This thing exists between life and death, unembalmed. "Not, strictly speaking, a living being." Not dead either. How can she keep up? While she sleeps, all night long, the computer feeds it. One morning she will arrive, and it will have made the most miraculous advance. It will have discovered something for itself. She will teach it about vectors, and one morning it will have extended them into n -space. It will teach itself; it will not need her anymore. That will be the breakthrough.

She stepped down from the bus, bending forward against the wind, and lurched against the blind man who was passing the bus stop. "I'm sorry," she began, "I wasn't looking—".

"My cane, where is my cane!" he cried. She saw it lying in the gutter where their collision had sent it. His hands clutched her arm, and she realized that he was frightened. "I've lost my way," he said, "I was misdirected." He was almost weeping.

She bent down, ridiculously extended, since he would not release her arm, and retrieved the cane. She pressed it into his hand. He wanted to know the way to the bookstore; he wanted to buy a book for his granddaughter, a book of nursery rhymes, for her first birthday. He had lost his way. The bookstore was on her way home, she said, she would lead him there.

She had filled the bath with steaming water and was slowly lowering herself into it, absurd from the knees up, feeling dirty and hungry and tired, when she heard the knock at the door. With dripping feet, wrapped in her old red bathrobe, a towel around her shoulders, she confronted the earnest young woman at the door.

A petition — would she sign? It was to protest those new experiments, she must have heard — with the baby's brain. The woman's hair was long and dark and dank, like her mother's had been. Her mother had been beautiful. They were taking babies' brains and locking them into computers. Did she know that the baby's heart begins to beat within the first few weeks of life? That brain signals had been detected within the first few months? (The bath, she thought, and a hot cup of coffee after.) Imagine the horrible imprisonment of the mind, the tyranny. It was the ultimate rape of the technological age. As a responsible citizen, surely she felt obligated to sign? (To bed, she thought, I want to go to bed.) "Imagine," said the young woman, "the motherless corpse." It was well rehearsed.

But she reached for the pen, she reached for the paper, she bent over to write, she signed. She signed; but she was surprised when she saw the name that she had written: Dr. S.T. Steele. She felt like a fish come up from under water, but strangely, she thought, as though into its natural element. She felt like a saboteur.

She is trapped, imprisoned, and she knows she is trapped, but she cannot see the trap. Dreams, she tells herself, should be in colour. Yet it is colourless; it is as though she is looking through miles of glass, the air is made of glass, but there is nothing to see outside it. She listens, and realizes that what she took to be her heartbeat is not a sound at all, there is no sound. But, she knows, there is no silence either. She is being drawn towards an edge, a brink, she will lose herself on this side of it if she falls. She puts out her arms to stop herself, but she has no arms, she isn't really moving at all. On the other side is nothing; but now there is no other side, she is already there, shrinking, diminishing, condensing to a point at the centre of her brain. But she has no brain, no head; you can feel a head, you can feel the wet weight of your tongue, and the pressure of the air in your throat, the movement of your eyes, the mass of your jaw, the tension of the skull's skin. She is utterly detached — but you have to be detached from somewhere, you have to have been attached to something! She wants to cry.

There is no from, no location; the walls of her mind are converging like the walls of a subway tunnel, collapsing inwards, to a point that is nothing, that is nowhere, that is never. She woke, the sweaty sheets twisted around her, a pillow over her head, gasping, unable to utter a syllable, staring out into the dark.

It is eight o'clock in the morning. The security guard thinks she is here to get an early start. The laboratory, innocent under its white surfaces, is silent. She sits down at the console, opens the books in her lap. She presses the button on the keyboard: "ON". What is the first lesson? She turns the pages. Which one did her mother first teach her? She remembers, she stretches at the fingers. I will soothe you. Listen.

She types: "Once upon a time, long long ago, in a land far far away, there lived...."

Chris Caines
Upper Six

*Why is the world so cruel
or is it only me—
sitting on a pedestal
empty and sunken?*

*I am too full, to hear
the thoughts of others
too full of tears
to break my shell,*

*and is not everyone
a single mind,
separate and confined
by the skin of time?*

*If only I could hear
your thoughts, just once—
so full of fear,
you would be real.*

*But now you are but
another thoughtless form
living in a plastic world
alone and forlorn.*

*Melanie Jackson
Upper Five*

*I'm
able
to trouble
to blow up a
bubble; in verse
I'm versed—O!
accursed:
burst.*

*Chris Caines
Upper Six*

MALONIC ESTER: A Colourless Liquid Used As A Chemical Intermediate
or
Apartment Malady

*She,
in her apartment on the 16th floor,
stared out the window and listened to the murmur of the fridge.*

*He,
in his apartment on the 4th floor,
stopped rocking and strained to hear the conversation next door.*

*They,
in their apartment on the 8th floor,
put down their coffee cups.*

*She ran her fingers through her dirty hair
and began to write again.*

*He
picked up his T.V. remote control
and switched it on.*

*They
remarked that it was a "glorious day"
and perhaps they would go for a walk.*

*Anything
except
the still.*

*Mary Langille
Upper Six*

A RENAISSANCE HUM

*March! The chirpers, roarers
march; when angels scatter flowers
we dance at the court of graves.*

*Chris Caines
Upper Six*

A POEM WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION OF A FRIEND'S BIRTHDAY

*Arms arabesque,
Hands sail down
To touch, to join,
To merge and then...*

*A star escapes
To slip through space
Into our smiles.*

*Mary Langille
Upper Six*

*The singing of your laughter
filled the atmosphere
and like a balloon, was played with by
the wind.*

*Your words dissolved
into sweet rain drops
which washed away my tears
so wet and clear.*

*Forgetful of my pain
I joined in your refrain
...and was happy...*

*But you so dear
You who were my saviour*

*Would not be joined in song
by one as young as I
And with your friends, you
walked away
Leaving me, bewildered
and alone.*

*Melanie Jackson
Upper Five*

AIR CANADA

(sung to the tune of Oh Canada)

*Air Canada we fly you there and back,
On every trip we give you a big snack,
With joyous smiles we see you rise
The crew is unionized
And stand and strike, Air Canada,
We stand and strike for you.*

*Air Canada, completely unionized
We stand and strike, we stand and strike for you,
Air Canada, we stand and strike for you.*

*John Embil
Upper Six*

*Biology and I illustrate the thesis
of a struggle to survive among the species.*

*Chemistry and I move in opposite ways:
"Negative enthalpy with a change in phase."*

*Physics and I are merrily divorced:
"Divergent vectors and a constant force."*

*Mathematics and I are from different sets;
I am not permuted by a series of 'lets'.*

*Yet, slow-stepping, stroll my muse and I,
through fields of warm grass, beneath the eggshell sky.*

*Chris Caines
Upper Six*

SCENE AUX CHAMPS

--(inspiré par le troisième mouvement de La Symphonie Fantastique de M. Hector Berlioz (1803-1869) --

*Je dors dans le soleil et dans le silence
A l'abri des bergers et de leurs fifres,
Qui joue un air de demandes et de réponses
D'une tristesse délicate et délicieuse.*

*Les fées roses et blanches dansent autour de moi;
Elles m'embaument d'un encens subtil;
Elles se joignent leurs mains et leurs sourires m'assurent--
Peut-on les douter, ces fées si douces, si belles?*

*Une nouvelle forme féminine vient danser--
Cette fée noire, elle me semble familière...
Elle mène mes gardiens féériques au loin!--
Je l'ai reconnue, mon amour traître.*

*On joue du fifre, attend réponse,
Mais on n'entend que tonnerre, que silence.*

*Mary Langille
Upper Six*

*la mer
toute bleue
toute profonde
nous offre l'espace
la joie
la tristesse
une mère
pour les âmes
qui cherchent les oiseaux
qui vivent selon le rythme
du coeur de la vie
qui se cherchent eux-mêmes
parmi les pierres mouillées.*

*Kate Lazier
Upper Five*

Clubs and Organizations





Debating Club

Front Row: Lloyd Oppel, Coleen Kirby, Melanie Jackson, Laura Cameron

Back Row: Mrs. Aterman, Ken Nathanson, Charlie Mingo, Peter Dawson, Kate Lazier

Debating Society Report

This year has been an exciting one for the Society; to date we have participated in four major tournaments and hope to be in at least one more before the end of the year. The McGill Invitational in November saw our teams place fifth and tenth with a fifth individual prize, and, closer to home, the team for the St. Patrick's Invitational placed first with a second individual prize. Once more in Montreal, this time at the Convent of the Sacred Heart pre-Provincial, the Society did fairly well, and, with undiminished enthusiasm, went on to the Nova Scotia Provincials the following week. As we are expecting trips to Toronto and Montreal in the spring, we can say that this year, although not necessarily as successful as previous years, has involved the greatest annual mileage yet! All this could not have been achieved, however, without the support and encouragement that we have received from the entire school community, and the help from all those whose contributions of time and money have made our efforts possible. We hope to better our previous glory next year, with the same support.

Peter F. Dawson
Team Member

Music Department Report

This year's Senior Ensemble had 16 members — double that of last year. On December 11th the choir presented a half-hour programme for the St. Paul's Anglican Church, Noon-hour concert series, and were well received by the appreciative audience. At Christmas time it was carolling in the streets and singing for the Upper School Christmas programme.

In January and February it was frantic preparation for the Kiwanis Festival on February 24th. The ensemble placed First in both classes entered!

Twelve members of the choir are attending the Nova Scotia Choral Federation's Spring Youth Conference, where 175 singers from Nova Scotia under the direction of John Ford from Toronto will learn good choral singing and new repertoire. At a final concert on April 5th the ensemble will sing a few numbers on their own, as well as participate in the massed numbers that were learned that weekend.

The Prep School choir had 25 members this year — half of them from Prep 4. Their enthusiastic singing of "The Rainbow Connection" from the Muppet Movie delighted the many parents who attended the Christmas Programme.

On December 11th the choir entertained the residents of Parkhaven Nursing Home. Our accompanist Adam Stern, Upper Two, not only supported the choir but gave a brilliant solo number as well. A number of able recorder players from Prep 5 entertained with a selection of Christmas music.

The Prep School choir participated in two classes at the Kiwanis Festival and achieved a Second and a First place. The First Place standing had a mark of 85% and complimentary comments were uttered by examiner Gerald Wheeler. The selection performed was "Three Scandinavian Pieces" for voices and instruments: Lorraine Belitsky, Prep 6, on recorder; Cindy Pink, Prep 6, on bells; Evan Jones, Prep 5, on cello; and Walter Kemp, Upper 1, on drums.

The choir will participate at a St. Paul's noon-hour concert on April 30th and at Open House May 1st.

Valda Kemp
Music Director



Junior Choir

Front Row: Jocelyn Gillis, Elaine Lee, Allison Fairhurst, Vanessa Urquhart, Jennifer Smith, Alison May, Chris Saunderson.

Middle Row: Tania Robinson, Victor Bigio, Troy Dolomont, Susan Halebsky, Sherene Hosein, Stephanie White, Christy Nicholson, Michelle Horacek.

Back Row: Erica Pereira, Jo-Jo Murphy, Andrea McCulloch, Gillian Mann, Jeff Halliday, Anna Fraser, Munju Ravindra, Katie Laycock.



Assistant Secretaries

Front Row: Bruce Kirby, Judith Abbott, Melanie Jackson, Laura Cameron, Torquil Duncan.

Middle Row: Peter Dawson, Kate Lazier, Coleen Kirby, Vicky Allen, Linda Peers,
Andrew Badley.

Back Row: Stacie Geraghty, Carol Kemp, Jan Crick, Elaine Murphy.

The Assistant Secretaries

Every lunch hour the students have fun playing secretary in the office, while Jill Stafford takes a well-deserved break from her gruelling morning. As a result, there can often be seen a crowd milling around a small half-door (only one person in the office at a time!!!). At lunch hour, the assistant secretary staunchly takes up his/her post, he/she is ready and willing to guard against any which dare come his/her way. For the most part, we are only too happy to be of any service in answering queries on the phone, or in aiding concerned parents in locating their children. Thanks for all your help, fellow assistant secretaries.

Vicky Allen



Librarians

Front Row: Mrs. Scobbie

Back Row: Torquil Duncan, Andrew Badley, Charlie Mingo, Lloyd Oppel.

Student Librarians

It is probably fair to say that the closest thing to diplomatic training which our school has to offer is the post of student librarian. Obviously, there are limits to the degree of strictness one can employ when dealing with the usual crowd of lunch-hour ostragoths; and one must be careful not to provoke open revolt. Few people appreciate the delicate balance which must be achieved between honeyed cajoling (begging) and irate threats of detentions to control a group from Upper One or Two or Six.

This seemingly perfect system of give and take breaks down the instant the librarian makes an unexpected arrival, and it is then that the hapless student librarian pays a terrible price for his sin of failing to preserve the perfect peace.

The mental health of the student librarian also suffers as a result of this job. One finds oneself wondering, praying furiously that person X will close the door on his way out. One might also be caught in an inner struggle to decide whether to evict somebody for verbally transmitting a joke before one has heard the punchline. All in all, however, such obsessions like the closing of the door may be for the best when training diplomatic or government personnel, for bureaucrats should have something to train their minds upon.

Lloyd Oppel
Student Librarian



Badminton Club

Front Row: Vicky Allen, Coleen Kirby, Addesh Mago, Steven Murphy, Peter You.

Middle Row: Peter Grover, Chris Lee, Bruce Kirby, Paul Kundzins, David Crick.

Back Row: Ken Nathanson, Ewen Wallace, Andrew Badley, Greg Hammond, Pat O'Brien.

Absent: Laura Cameron, Melanie Jackson.

Badminton Club

The badminton club unfortunately lost some excellent players from last year, but there are still many participants from a wide spectrum, including some staff members. Participation this year has been good and created the need for more rackets and birds. The rackets were restrung and birds provided. Addesh Mago was the pre-Christmas champ and though there is no trophy, there is certainly much prestige along with the title. The big tournament is held on May eighth, and will be for a plaque as well as the prestige, this competition will surely prove to be excellent! And of course, the Phantom adds an eery element of excitement to our Friday after-school meetings!

Peter Grover
Captain

The Math Club

What basic movements can any motion be resolved to?

Given a number of points, how can the pattern joining them all be described mathematically?

These are two questions which the Math Club has been working on this year. The club meets once a cycle on Thursdays, and in it are a number of students from grades ten, eleven, and twelve. Mr. Kierstead not only leads the club through knotty math problems, but he also organizes math contests for the club to write. So far students have participated in The Euclid, The M.A.A., The Junior Math Contest, The Math Congress, and The Olympiad.

William Brandon



Math Club

Front Row: Chris Lee, Bruce Kirby, Vicky Alien, Coleen Kirby, Addesh Mago, Steven Murphy, Tim Writer, Jonathan Ngan

Middle Row: Melanie Jackson, Kate Lazier, Mary Langille, Lloyd Oppel, Andrew McKee, John Embil, Theo Norvell, Hilary Writer, Chris Caines.

Back Row: Judith Abbott, Stacie Geraghty, Torquil Duncan, William Brandon, John Guy, Moritz Gaede, Peter Grover, Charlie Mingo.

Mime Club

Although the Mime Club was just formed this year it has become very popular throughout the school. Miss Silver, the club's director, has divided the club into three groups, each of which practices at separate times. The group that stars Chris Caines and George Wangersky is preparing a small play called "*The Marionette*" to the music of Art Garfunkel. Another group is working on two skits: "*The Wax Museum*" and "*Machines*", and the final group with Kate Lazier and George Wangersky is practicing a piece called "*The Devil's Eye*" to the music of Chris Debourg. These plays will be performed at Open House in early May in a very entertaining programme. Don't miss it!!

Kate Lazier



Mime Club

Front Row: Lara Robinson, Christy Nicholson, Kersti Tacreiter, Michelle Horacek, Munju Ravindra, Tania Robinson, George Wangersky, Sarah Beresford-Green.
Back Row: Miss Silver, Kate Lazier, Katie Andrews, Rebecca Lazier, Dora Kemp, Johanna Stefan, Samantha Imrie, Chris Caines.



The Student Council

Front Row: Peter Dawson, Ken Nathanson, Ranald Sinclair, Andrew McKee.

Back Row: Andrew Allen, Geoffrey Mann, Tim Brandys, Ewen Wallace, John Embil, Andrew Oland.

The Student Council

This has been an extremely successful year for the Student Council, largely due to the great show of initiative displayed by all its members.

One of our main successes has been in the elimination of the need for major fund-raising, such as chocolate bar sales. By investing a relatively small sum of money into the purchase of our own equipment, our dances regularly make a profit of more than \$100. This is a considerable improvement, as former dances often made as little as \$5.00.

Another one of our achievements is in the establishment of a film society as a corporate part of the Council.

One of our major breakthroughs this year was in the organization of a ski trip to Wentworth, to take place the day of the ski holiday. It was an ideal opportunity for the uninitiated to experience first hand the joy of skiing, with lessons being offered for free, and ski rentals drastically reduced. Unfortunately, as fate would have it (and it almost always does on the ski weekend), a thaw occurred, thus causing Wentworth to close for the day. But it is hoped that our efforts will not have been in vain, and that future councils will make the Ski-Trip an annual affair.

Other activities which the Council has been involved in include the staging of this year's extremely successful Winter Carnival, and the continuation of the ever-popular Gym Programs.

Finally, on behalf of the Council, I would like to express our deepest gratitude to all those students and teachers who volunteered their services to help with many various activities throughout the year. I would especially like to thank Mrs. DeGrasse for all the time and energy which she, as Staff Advisor, devoted to the Council.

Ranald Sinclair
President
H.G.S. Student Council



Running Club

Front Row: Torquil Duncan, Roger Baskett, Vicky Allen, Katie Andrews, Richard Lankester.

Back Row: Andrew Badley, William Brandon, Derick Honig, Erik Davis.

Running Club

Old man winter certainly took its toll as far as the newly formed running club is concerned, inasmuch as conditions preclude street training. However, whilst the weather left much to be desired, enthusiasm was not dampened. I am happy to report that we have a number of people running on a regular basis. Our common goal is to be physically fit. In the future is the annual summer cross country race at the school as well as the track and field day. Everyone in the club hopes to finish the cross country in a respectable time and give the competition a run for their money.

Torquil Duncan
Manager



Reach For The Top

Front Row: Mrs. Scobbie

Back Row: Theodore Norvel, Charles Mingo, Chris Caines, Peter Dawson.

— Reach For The Top —

After an eventful season of inter-house competition, from which Glooscap emerged undefeated, the work began on preparing the school team for action. Under the inspired guidance and interrogation of Mrs. Scobbie, the team was eventually able to name the floral emblems of the provinces and the capitals of central African republics as fast as they were asked. Our first match, against Prince Andrew High School, was a narrow victory to end all narrow victories — about a five point margin. We went on to beat Parkview Education Centre by a considerably greater margin, but met our fate, as in past years, at the hands of Cobequid Education Centre, who beat us in a very exciting flight semi-final. Our knowledge of trivia having been tried and wanting, we retired with good grace and concentrated on more decadent activities.

One day the team will score the ultimate victory and the world will take notice!

Peter F. Dawson
Team Member

SPORTS



HQS: 000

VISITORS: 100

Sports Report

Our soccer team began the year by winning three of its four matches. We lost the final match to Dartmouth Academy and thus the right to represent the region at the Provincials. Though we didn't have a league this year we were still competitive. Hopefully more teams will be interested in joining the "B" league next year.

The Senior Girls Volleyball team completed the Metro "B" schedule with a 21 and 6 won/lost record and ended in third place overall. At the Metro "B" tournament *H.G.S.* narrowly missed making it to the finals, being beaten by Dartmouth High, the eventual winners. *H.G.S.* still ended up in third place in the Metro League. On the Provincial scene our girls defeated Convent of the Sacred Heart and Hantsport to win the Regionals and the right to go to the Provincials in Truro. At the Provincials *H.G.S.* met some strong opposition and finished the four team tournament in third place. All our girls deserve a lot of praise for their efforts.

The Senior Boys Team was coached by Dennis Au who did a remarkable job. *H.G.S.* faired very well against Sackville High, and though a few games had to be cancelled, the nucleus for next year's team is very good. In the Regional playdowns, *H.G.S.* met a team from Hants and lost 4 games to 2. With continued hard work the *H.G.S.* boys should make it to the Provincials next year.

The Senior Boys basketball team was entered in the Metro "B" league again this year and were very competitive. Though we didn't win a lot of games there certainly is a lot of hope for the future. *H.G.S.* will meet Dartmouth Academy and Kings-Edgehill in the Regionals. A lot of thanks goes to Doug Branscombe for his work with the boys Senior team.

Our Junior Basketball team looks very promising and we should be playing a few matches with Dartmouth Academy in the near future. Many thanks go to Andrew Badley who has helped a great deal in working with the team.

H.G.S. entered a curling team in the Regional Playdowns and though we lost our first two games by close scores, we did exceedingly well. It is hoped that some students in the school will pursue this sport in the future.

Our *H.G.S.* fencers continue to do exceedingly well under the guidance of Mrs. Scobbie.

Many thanks go to Peter Grover for his work with badminton after school on Fridays. The club has grown considerably since the beginning of the year.

Ron Naud



Acadia House Report

The whole Acadia team this year seems to be an endless supply of support and enthusiasm. After a narrow loss to Royals last year we have been determined from the beginning to play well and pull ahead of our two opponents in the point standings.

We have been quite successful in all of the sports events overall, tying with Glooscap in the fall cross country, winning most of our volleyball and pinball games and being quite successful in the soccer-baseball games. We hope to do better with our Reach for the Top team, but on the whole we have been successful and have shown ourselves to be strong and determined competitors.

I would like to thank everyone involved in the House games, especially Peter Grover, assistant captain, and all those who gladly came and supported the games. With this support I am sure we will continue to be successful and hopefully overcome our competitors this year and in the future.

Heather Wilson
House Captain



Royal House Report

After being the house winners for the last two years, Royals decided to take a break and let the underdogs come forward for a while. But the year's not over yet! We have some very energetic junior and intermediate teams, and hopefully the senior team will show its true potential in the coming third term. I look forward to our usual victories in the Spring cross-country and track and field day, in all categories and age levels. Most of all, Royals are good sportsmen/women, and have had a good time, whether we win or lose. I have faith that Royals will always be leaders in one way or another for many years to come, and I was proud to have been its captain this year. Many thanks to Mrs Scobbie and Mr Naud for organization of house games, and to the few uppers who filled my place when I was unfortunately called elsewhere. May the chant ring on forever; Royals! Royals! Royals!.....

Victoria Palmer
House Captain



Glooscap House Report

Glooscap is doing well this year; at the end of the first term we were in second place. More important than that, however, is the enthusiasm and team spirit shown by the house. Even in the face of defeat we joke and have fun instead of getting too competitive. When it comes to thanking people who have helped, the whole house deserves the thank-you but in particular I wish to thank Ranauld Sinclair, Addesh Mago and Shawn Sable for their continuous help.

Coleen Kirby
House Captain



Senior Soccer

Front Row: Mr. Naud, Erik Davis, Ewen Wallace, Torquil Duncan, Tim Brandys, Addesh Mago, John Lannon.

Middle Row: Chris Robinson, Jonathan Ngan, Andrew Badley, Iain MacLeod, Peter Nicholson, David Crick.

Back Row: Greg Hammond, Robbie Sinclair, Peter Grover, Tim Writer, Steven Murphy.

Senior Soccer Report

After having nine of eleven players on last year's team leave, there was a considerable scramble to fill the void this year. However, with much practise, the team improved immeasurably. This showed in the results of our first three soccer games, played against Dartmouth Academy, who we defeated 3—0, 1—0, 1—0. In the last game of the season, with two minutes left in the game, Dartmouth Academy scored on a penalty shot, making the score one all on aggregate, the first two games not having counted toward the playoff standings. In overtime, Dartmouth Academy managed a freak breakaway and scored. *H.G.S.* battled back heroically, but to no avail, being defeated 2—1, and ending hopes for a third consecutive provincial A title. The goal scorers were Ranald Sinclair with two, and Jonathan Ngan, Rob Sinclair and Tim Brandys all with one.

We would like to extend our thanks to our many supporters for their presence at the games, Saeed Kahnemelli for his assistance in coaching and a special thanks to Mr. Naud for arranging the league with a fair bit of difficulty, and finally, to all the team members who pulled together for a really excellent season.

Rob Sinclair & Tim Brandys
Co-captains



Under Thirteen Soccer

Front Row: Geoff Mann, Peter Thomas, Ben Dolin, Neil McCulloch, Anthony Novac.

Middle Row: Renn Holness, Patrick Keefe, Andrew Oland, John-Peter Beale, Mr. Lankester.

Back Row: Walter Kemp, Derick Honig, Richard Lankester, Matthew Murphy.

Under Thirteen Soccer Report

This is the year the coach should be fired. *H.G.S.* had an excellent team that had good skills, tactics and ability. They possessed all the requisites for a very successful tournament. The result was a ninth place finish out of twelve.

The mistakes that led to this result were made by the coach in poor recognition of talent, wrong tactics, inopportune substitution and team selection. There were also defensive lapses that led to costly goals, and the non-observance of a reasonable curfew, which resulted in somnabulists taking the field in morning games.

But positive things came out of the tournament. The *H.G.S.* team showed the ability to come back from adversity with spirit and determination. They were also able to generate scoring punch (11 goals in 6 games) and play a spirited game in attack. This shows how far the Under 13 team has come from our first tournament five years ago, when defence was the most developed area.

After scrutiny and analysis, *H.G.S.* could and possibly should have won at least 4 of their 6 games and tied the other two. A performance of two wins and two ties would have gained a place in the semi-finals.

Anthony Novac scored a real three-in-a-row hat-trick in one game and ended up with 6 goals in all. Renn Holness and Richard Lankester scored two apiece. The captain, Neil McCulloch, was particularly brilliant in his midfield role, displaying great balance and power with head and both feet which drew plaudits from spectators. His play was particularly noted by the coaches of opposing teams. It was constructive, energetic and inspirational. He did indeed lead by example in desire and effort.

There were two particular occasions when the team was poor on the field. Both of these were 9:00 a.m. games. In them the players were sluggish and so badly beaten to the ball that they seemed mentally unprepared to give a full effort. Let it be recorded here that they picked themselves up from 3—1 and 2—0 deficits to show what they were really made of, turning the former score into a 4—3 victory and the latter into a 2—2 tie.

The tie with Ridley College, 3—3, was one game where a lead was squandered. The *Grammar School* team became too complacent and tried to sit back on a 3—1 lead. Against Selwyn House School we fought back to a 1—1 tie after being down by a goal. In both these games a little more bounce of the ball would have meant victories for the *H.G.S.* team.

St. George's, Toronto, showed us how poorly we could play. Our defence gave up easy goals and the play of the whole team was sluggish from the goalkeeper up. In the second half we saw an amazing turnabout in which *H.G.S.* scored 3 brilliant goals in 5 minutes. They were well-engineered attacks and the ball was banged home with great force. Definitely a high point of our play.

Against Ashbury College, we met a strong opponent who played a vigorous game. They emerged victorious by 2 goals to one, but were very lucky in several goalmouth scrambles to keep the ball out. As the game progressed in the second half the determination of the *Grammar School* to surge forward on the opponent's goal and equalize was evident by the effort put out by all. Ben Dolin, Walter Kemp and Andrew Oland were all pushing the ball forward into the attacking zone. However, the equalizing goal was denied us.

In the game against St. John's Ravenscourt, The eventual third place team, *Halifax Grammar School* gave an incredible display of skill, enthusiasm and attack. The ball was in the S.J.R. half of the field throughout the game. Two minutes from the end of the game a kamikaze long shot came out of the sun and a most undeserved defeat was handed to a plucky and skilful *Grammar School* team.

The final game against L.C.C. was one of those morning affairs which began disastrously with giving up two soft goals and the team playing lethargically. In the second half continual pressure paid off in an own goal by L.C.C. and a well-taken goal close to the end of the match.

Derek Honig again showed his ability in goal and was ably supported by Scott Douglas. Roger Baskett was a stalwart in defence with Patrick Keefe. John Peter Beale was one of our most improved players, while Ben Dolin discovered his potential (again) as an intelligent defender. The forward line and link men were very mobile and constructive in their plays. Definitely we were a team of very high calibre and effectiveness. We just needed our fair share of good fortune. This was denied us.

Various sites of Montreal were visited, amongst which some of the team members claim was a haunted house where doors mysteriously shut and Yale locks engaged, coffee pots broke and even pillows had a habit of flying around bedrooms.

Old Montreal was tough walking, but Chinatown yielded its haunts for caps and firecrackers. Our *H.G.S.* guide, ex-S.H.S., knew the longest way round on the subway, while two of our numbers were scalped outside the Mecca of Hockey, the Forum, and saw les Habs lose 5—4 to the Black Hawks.

The coach's cooking was a flop with so many handslips with the salt. Thank God for take-out and home delivery service.

All of the team would like to thank the P.A.C. and the parents of the school whose contributions of baked goods, bottles, etc., helped us to make this most rewarding trip to Montreal. The experience was most beneficial in sportsmanship, companionship and just seeing the "big city". Thank you.

J. K. Lancaster
Coach

Senior Boys Volleyball

The volleyball team won all the series we played against regional teams, however we lost to a Hants team and were consequently eliminated from the provincial play-offs. The season's play brought good results in other areas: we now have a stronger team and a coach who is willing to sacrifice much of his time. Our coach will be staying on with us next year, as well as eight of the team members. We will be practicing right up until June this year and hope to be better prepared and considerably stronger for next season — watch out Hants!

Peter Grover
Captain



Boys Volleyball

Front Row: Tim Brandys, Chris Robinson, Ewen Wallace, Torquil Duncan.
Middle Row: Mr. Naud, Andrew Badley, Iain MacLeod, Peter Grover.
Back Row: Greg Hammond, Robbie Sinclair, Philip Rees.



Girls Volleyball

Front Row: Bimbi Smith, Nancy Rees, Linda Peers, Vicky Allen, Kate Lazier, Coleen Kirby.
Back Row: Mr. Naud, Sarah Caines, Heather Wilson, Vicky Palmer, Judith Abbott, Torquil Duncan.

Girls' Volleyball Team

This year's team was exceptionally good, being rarely beaten, and celebrating many well-deserved victories. One of our greatest victories came in defeating our old foes, Dartmouth High, quite soundly with a score of 15—9 and 15—12. We successfully made our way into the Metro "AA" city tournament, and placed third out of eight teams. We then went on to victory in the "A" regionals, over the Convent, Armbrae Academy, Dartmouth Academy and Hantsport. This led us to the Provincials in Truro. Here we placed a very respectable third, especially as we had a great victory over the first place team earlier on in the tournament. Through the hard work of all the girls, especially the newer additions of Sarah Caines, Nancy Rees and Belinda Smith, and our terrific manager, Torquil Duncan, the team kept up its reputation of being "hard to beat", and had a whole lot of fun at the same time. Many thanks to Mr. Naud for his time and patience, and best of luck to next year's team from this year's graduating captains.

Victoria Palmer and Heather Wilson



Senior Boys Basketball

Front Row: Ewen Wallace, Steven Murphy, Addesh Mago, Lloyd Oppel.

Middle Row: Peter Nicholson, David Crick, Robby Sinclair, Peter Grover.

Back Row: Greg Hammond, Pat Connors.

Boys Basketball

The boys basketball team got off to a slow start but progressed quickly. We managed to finish the season by winning a few games but we lost many more. We played a number of close ones but seemed to have good and bad days against certain teams.

We would like to express great thanks to our coach, Doug Brandscombe, who, however we played, rarely lost his patience. He devoted much of his time to the team and we hope he will be back next year to coach a winning team.

Besides our record it was a successful year for a team with only one veteran player!

Ewen Wallace
Captain



Junior Boys Basketball

Front Row: Geoffrey Mann, Rob Barbara, Erik Davis, Anthony Novac, Neil McCulloch.

Back Row: Patrick Keefe, Derick Honig, Jein Clark, Adam Stern, Mr. Naud.



Fencing

- Front Row:** Paul Baskett, Daniel Thompson, Dylan McDonald, Graham Hooper, Marko Hansen, Nick Imrie, Kelcey Parker, Andrew Fraser.
- Middle Row:** Anil Bhardwaj, Sean Johnson, Lukas Pearse, Michelle Horacek, Kim Aerts, Emily Doolittle, Jon Cook, Jason Holt, Theo Norvell, Christy NicholSEN.
- Back Row:** Mrs. Scobbie, Brian Awad, Peter Patterson, Peter You, Patrick Roscoe, Howard Regan, Samantha Imrie, Robert Sinclair.

Once again fencing at the *Halifax Grammar School* has had a successful year. Luke Murphy, one of our members not attending *H.G.S.* won the 1980 Provincial Championship in foil, and would have won it this year had he scored one more hit in any of his last seven bouts. He also won the Nova Scotia and New Brunswick provincial open tournaments in the same weapon. Ranald Sinclair, Robbie Sinclair and myself have been competing with Luke in tournaments in the Maritimes, sometimes doing very well in the standings. These four fencers will all be fencing in Ottawa in April.

There are a number of fencers now in the lower half of the upper school who have been fencing in province-wide tournaments. These fencers show promise, so the *Grammar School* can expect a great deal of success in the next few years.

One of the best aspects of this years fencing has been the involvement of many prep school fencers. Those who have kept with it are undoubtedly having fun. This year for the first time these fencers can compete, if they wish, without having to worry about fighting 19 year old competitors, as there is now an Under 13 division. Later this year there may be a tournament involving Under 13 fencers from Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, perhaps in Sidney.

For the first time in the club's history, some of our top fencers will be graduating. Wherever they go, I am sure they will carry Mrs. Scobbie's gift of fencing with them.

Theodore Norvell





Special Events



CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES

Scene One: A parade of curious folk bedecked in togas meander through the halls of a hallowed learning institution. Waving sticks of incense jingling bells and chanting 4IO SATURNALIA!" they leave all bystanders wondering, "Was that...? No, it couldn't be!"

Scene Two: People of various levels of Roman society are milling around, attired in their best togas, jewellery, and chains, exchanging token gifts of the festive season. Senators, bankers, slaves, barbarians and even teachers are one and all at this annual occasion, the celebration of the Saturnalia.

The trumpet sounds; the crowd hushes to a humble silence as the most gracious but overweight ruler enters. "Let the festivities begin!" A roar of approval fills the air.

The announcement by Mr. Montgomery, alias Petrus Montgomerius, marked H.G.S.'s first annual feast of Saturn held last December 16th in the A.V.R. It was an immense affair, a culmination of four weeks of careful preparation by thirty-five Latin students, and their parents, and headed by our honoured Latin teacher and resident expert on Roman tradition, Mr. M. Scott. Caesar himself would have drooled at the gastronomic delicacies on hand — eggs in aspic, turkey, Caesar salad, ham, homemade bread followed by fruit salad, oranges in wine and rum custard with pears and figs.

The whole feast was eaten in typical Roman fashion — no forks or knives, just one spoon, a glass and a plate, while reclining somewhat awkwardly on a pillow, cushion or mattress.

It was a great conclusion to the first term, and everyone was very satisfied with the repast.

TO SATURNALIA — PREPARETE TOGAS VESTRAS! VINUS BIBENDUS, CARTHAGO DEDENDA SUNT!

Our festivities didn't end with the Saturnalia as the Christmas plays followed with their usual "humour" and rambunctiousness. The staff's rendition of Star Trek left something to be desired and Upper Five took the prize for the most vulgar play of the year!

Iain MacLeod

A Most Welcome Addition

1980-81 was a year of many exciting changes for *H.G.S.*, not the least of which was the conversion of the old lab into a new, purpose-built classroom designed for the school's first-ever primary class.

Slowly, over the summer months the dusty lab units were removed, and with their departure went the scratched initials of many past and present *H.G.S.* students. The old blackboard was lowered, and the peeling, old paint was covered with fresh, new paint in bright, warm colours, a new carpet was laid, new shelves and cupboards were installed, tiny lockers were built into the room, and the old storage room became a washroom complete with a tiny sink and toilet.

"Would it all be ready for the first day of school?" No one really knew the answer to this question, but as the architect, supervisors, painters, carpenters, and electricians finished their work, Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Serebrin, the new primary teacher, and the anxious parents of the primary children all began to relax.

Soon the room was filled with tiny tables and chairs, a listening lab with headphones, a sand and a water table, low painting easels and a large, low easel designed for holding giant-sized books. The shelves were stocked with a great many children's stories, puzzles and matching games, rock, shell and wood collections, magnets and magnifying glasses, math cubes and clocks, felt figures, a dressing frame, wooden blocks, space Lego, and puppets — including an endearing French-speaking spider named Louis. The newly painted walls were soon filled with posters and charts of songs, poems, and nursery rhymes. The primary room now resembled its dark predecessor very little. Upper and Prep students alike could not believe that the new room had been the old lab.

But what of the tiny, new inhabitants? The Primaries looked so small that most staff and students wondered if they themselves could ever have been that size when they had started school. It did not take much time for the Primaries to feel at ease in their new environment and they quickly set to work drawing and painting, reading from both small and giant-sized books, listening to taped stories, writing their own messages and stories, creating Space Lego cities, dressing-up, playing in the water with tubes and funnels and measuring with measuring cups, baking playdough cookies, investigating "clues" with magnifying glasses, setting-up shop, performing puppet shows, counting, clapping, singing and dancing. Their activities demonstrated a mixture of serious intentions and new-found delight. The Primaries were, no doubt, happy to be *H.G.S.*'s newest students. And from the comments of other students who peeked in the door of the room: "aren't they cute"; and "are they ever smart"; and "I wish I were back in Primary"; one could only conclude that the Primaries had become a most welcome addition to the school!

Wayne Serebrin
Primary Teacher

The New Labs

The Biology Lab

After the noise and confusion of last spring, it has been a relief to be able to use the new labs at last. We are certainly using all space available and it is difficult to imagine how we worked when our 'lab' was a homeroom, a teaching room as well as the biology lab. Several of the immediate advantages of the lab have been the available space to display reference materials, to display student work and to keep current projects safe in between work sessions. The lab is not available as a "spare classroom" for students during library periods, but when free, is available to any biology student who wishes to work on any type of biology work whether from day to day class work or of personal interest. Hopefully the students will learn to use their lab to its fullest potential.

Kathy DeGrasse
Biology



The Chemistry Lab

The new labs have been a welcome addition to the *Halifax Grammar School*. Many features were included in the Chemistry Laboratory that only the best equipped labs contain, particularly the fume hoods and the emergency shower and eye wash. The fume hoods are used to keep unpleasant odours and dangerous fumes out of the main laboratory.

We are now able to perform more experiments in all chemistry courses, and the laboratory can accomodate all students for most experiments. There is also adequate storage available to allow experiments to continue over several days if necessary, without disrupting other classes meeting in the chemistry lab. We did not have this choice in the past. I have really enjoyed my first year in the new facilities.

Brian Faught
Chemistry



The Physics Lab

Twelve foot tables, big enough to create dual raceways for free-rolling dynamics carts, free from the electrical outlets and gas taps that are suspended in overhead modules, and surrounded by enough space to provide good manipulating room, make the new physics lab a convenient place to work. When physics students have to get down to serious work and play with their carts or slinkies on the floor, the tables may be pushed aside, leaving a large empty area.

Just any spot the *H.G.S.* physicists could call their own, with the independence to leave equipment set up without danger of acid burns from the chemists had to be better than the old shared quarters. Now some equipment has to be shuttled up and down but that is not a serious drawback. There have been some problems with acoustics, with the Upper Two class which studies sound being provided with tangible evidence of reverberations. The Upper Ones have helped by producing some colourful banners with geometric designs, which give a little help acoustically, and certainly do much to brighten up the room in an appropriate way.

Irma Andrews
Physics





The Winter Carnival

This year's Winter Carnival was characterized by the addition of many new competitions to the programme.

Perhaps the most popular innovation of the Upper School Carnival was the worst dressed/worst tie competition. Teachers and students alike competed for awards in three different categories: widest tie, loudest tie and overall worst taste in clothing. Other new additions to the programme which were extremely well received included the baby bottle contest, the balloon bursting competition, and in the lower school, the paper aeroplane contest.

Still very popular were such events as bubble-gum casino, the cribbage, othello and chess tournaments, and the pudding eating contest.

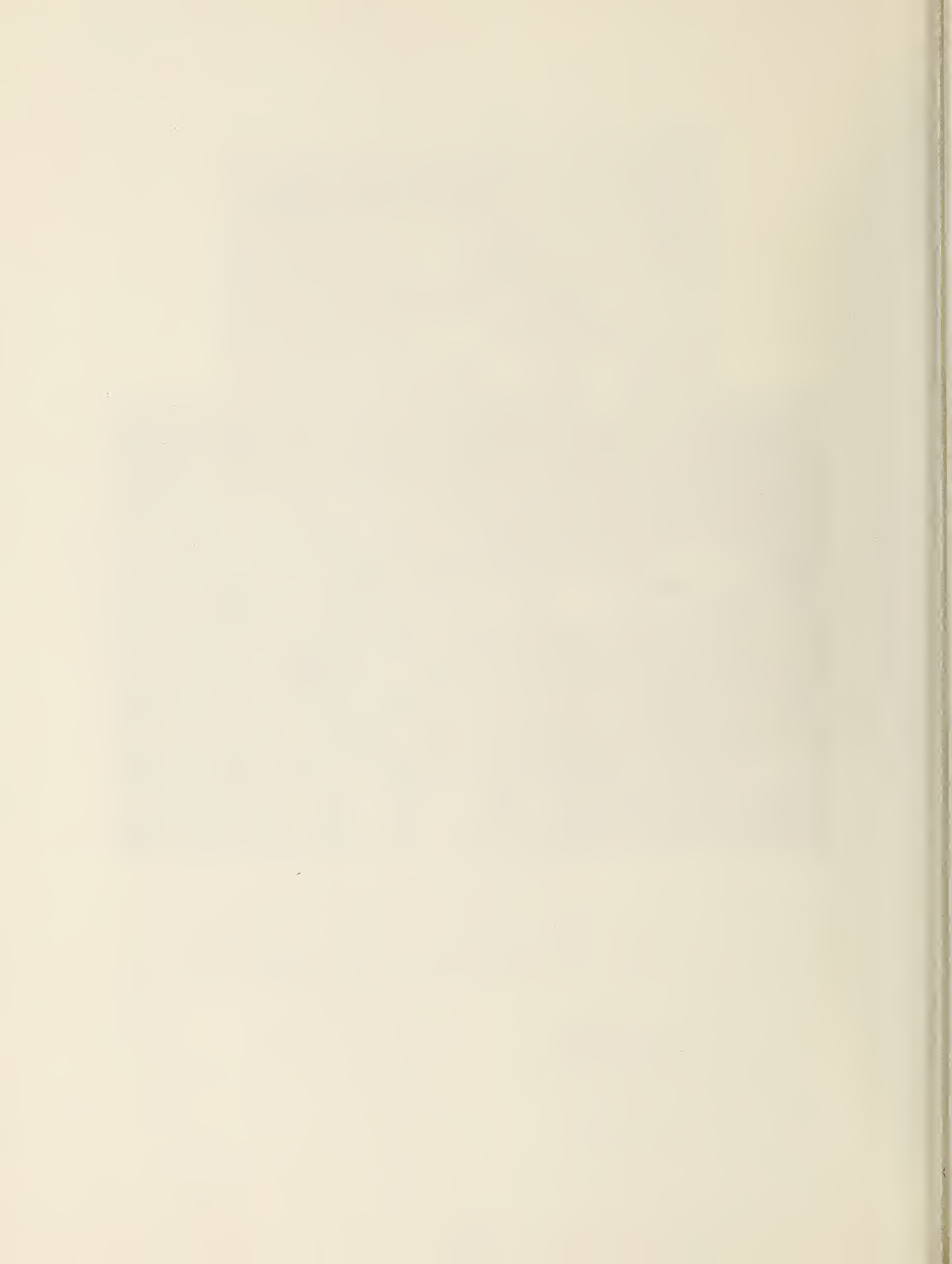
In the lower school, such events as the sponge throw and the costume contest proved once again to be very popular, as did the Draw Mr. Naud competition.

I would like to send a special word of thanks to all those students and members of staff who volunteered their services to the Winter carnival, without whom it would not have been the success that it was.

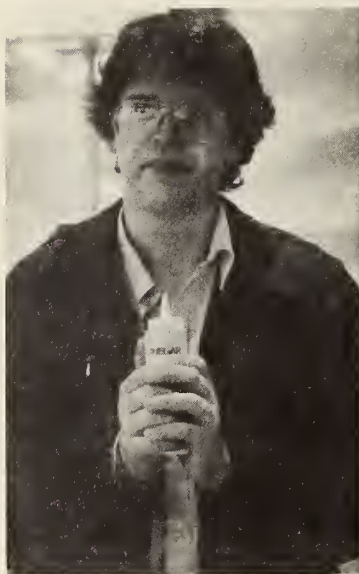
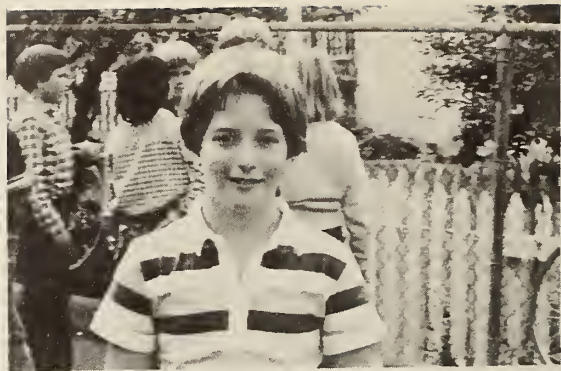
Ranald Sinclair
President
H.G.S. Student Council

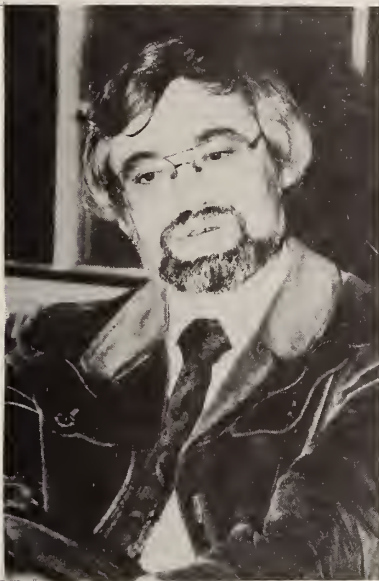
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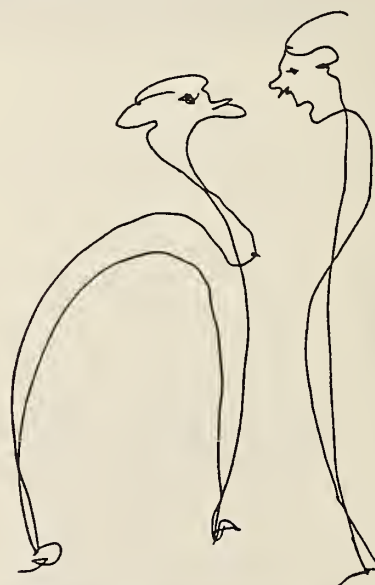
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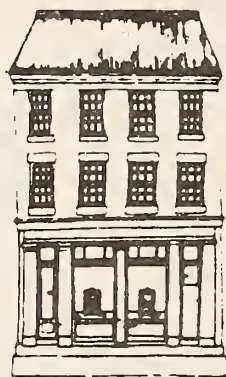
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